

# The Tragical History Of the LIFE and DEATH of Doctor Faustus.

Printed with New Additions as it is now Acted. With several  
New Scenes, together with the Actors Names.

Written by C. H. M. A. R.



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**The ACTORS Names.**

**F**ustus.  
Mephostophilie.  
Good Angell.  
Bad Angell.  
Three Scholers.  
Seven Deadly Sinners.  
Lucipher, Belzebub, three Devils more.  
Duke and Dutches of Saxonie.  
Emperour of Germany.  
Frederick.  
Morsino. } Three Gentlemen.  
Benvolio. }  
Solamaine the Emperour and Empery.  
Mustapha. } Two Bashawes.  
Caleph. }  
Robin the Clowne.  
Dick an Hostler.  
Carter.  
Hers.-courser.  
Hostie.  
Majseaus.





# THE TRAGEDY OF Doctor Faustus.

*Enter Chorus.*

**N**Or marching in the fields of *Tharsimon*,  
Where Mars did mate the warlike *Caribagen*,  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In Courts of Kings, where state is over-turn'd:  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:  
Only this (*Gentles*) we must now performe,  
The form of *Faustus* fortunes, good or bad:  
And now to patient judgements we appeale,  
And speak for *Faustus* in his infancy.  
Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes.  
A triper years to *Wittenberge* he went,  
Whereas his kinsman chieflly brought him up.  
So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,  
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute  
In th' heavenly matters of Theology:  
Till swolne with cunning, and a self conceits,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And melting, heavens became his overthrow:  
For falling to a Devillish exercise,  
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,  
He surfeits on the curst Necromancy.

A 2

Nothing

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Nothing so sweet, as Magick is to him,  
Which he prefers before his chasteſt bliſs,  
And this the man that in his ſtudy ſits.

*Faustus in his ſtudy.*

*Fauſt.* Settle thy ſtudies *Fauſtus* and begin  
To ſound the depth of that thou wilt profeſſe,  
Having commended by a diuine in ſhew,  
Yet leueſt at the end of every *Art*,  
And liue and die in *Ariſtotles* works.  
Sweet *Analiſtickes*, 'tis thou haſt raviſht me,  
*Bene diſſerens eſt ſinis Logices.*

Is to diſpute well logikes chiefeſt end?  
Affords this *Art* no greater miracle?  
Then read no more, thou haſt attain'd that end  
A greater ſubject ſitteth *Fauſtus* wit:  
Bid *Orconomy* farewel, and *Galen* come,  
Be a Phyſician *Fauſtus*, heap up gold,  
And be eterniz'd for ſome wondrous cure:

*Summum bonum medicinae ſanitas.*

The end of Phyſick is our bodies health:

Why *Fauſtus* haſt thou not attain'd that end?

Are not thy Bills hung up as monuments,

Whereby whole Cities haue eſcap'd the plague,

And diuers deſperate maladies been cur'd?

Yet art thou ſtill but *Fauſtus*, and a man.

Couldſt thou make men to live eternally,

Or being dead raiſe men to life again,

Then this profeſſion were to be eſteem'd?

Phyſick farewel whereis *Juſtinian*?

*Si una eademque reſalegatur duobus,*

*Alter rem, alter uaporem rei, &c.*

A petty caſe of paltry legacies,

*Adherediter filium non poſſe Pater, niſi &c.*

Such is the ſubject of the Inſtitute,

And univerſal body of the law,

This ſtudy ſits a mercenary drudge,

Whymes at nothing but eternal traſh,

Too ſervile and illiberal for me.

When all is done Divinity is best:

*Jeromes Bible Faustus* view is well:

*Stipendium peccati mors est*, ha? *Stipendium*, &c.

The reward of sin is death? that's hard,

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, nulla est in nobis veritas*:

If we say we have no sinne,

W<sup>e</sup> deceive our selves, and there is no truth in us,

W<sup>h</sup>y then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

I, we must die an everlasting death:

W<sup>h</sup>at doctrine call you this? *Che sera, sera*:

W<sup>h</sup>at shall be, shall be: Divinity adieu.

These Metaphysicks of Magicians,

And negromantick books are heavenly,

Lines, circles, letters, Characters:

I, these are those that *Faustus* most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence

Is promis'd to the studious Artizan?

All things that move between the quiet poles,

Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings

Are but obey'd in their several Provinces:

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:

A sound Magician is a Demi-god,

Here streame my brains to get a Deisy,

*Enter Wag.*

*Wagner* commend me to my dearest friends;

The Germane *Valdes* and *Cornelius*;

Request them earnestly to visit me.

*Wag.* I will sir.

*Exit.*

*Faust.* Their conference will be a greater help to me,

Than all my labours, plod there so fast.

*Enter the Angel and Spirit.*

*Good Ang.* O *Faustus* lay that damned book aside,

And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy heart to blasphemy,

*Bad Ang.* Go forward *Faustus* in this famous Art

*Wagner*

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Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd :

Be thou on earth as *Jove* is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these Elements. *Exit Ang.*

*Fauft.* How am I gluttred with conceits of this?

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?

Resolve me of all ambiguities?

Perform what desperate enterprises I will?

I'll have them flye to *India* for Gold,

Ransack the Ocean for Orient Pearl,

And search all corners of the new found world

For pleasant fruits, and princely delicats,

I'll have them read me strange Philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all forrain Kings :

I'll have them wall all *Germany* with Brasse,

And with swift *Rhine* circle all *Wittenbergh* :

I'll have them fill the publick Schools with skill,

Wherewith the Students shall be bravely clad,

I'll levy Souldiers with the cōyn they bring,

And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land,

And reign sole King of all the Provinces :

Yea stranger Engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at *Antwerpe* bridge,

I'll make my servile spirits to invent,

Come *Germane Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

And make me wise with your sage conference.

*Valdes*, sweet *Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

Know that your words have won me at the last,

To practise magick and concealed Arts,

Philosophy is odious and obscure :

Both law and physick are for petty wits,

Tis Magick, Magick that hath ravish'd me,

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,

And I that have with subtile Syllogismes

Gravel'd the pastors of the *Germane* Church,

And made the flowring pride of *Wittenbergh*

Swarme to my Problemes, as th'inferiour spirits

On sweet *Museus* when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,

*Enter Valdes*

*and Cornel.*

Whose

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Whose shadow made all *Europe* honour him.

*Val.* *Faustus*. These books thy wit, and our experience;

Shall make all nations canonize us.

As Indian Moora obey their Spanish Lords:

So shall the spirits of every element,

Be alwaies serviceable to us three:

Like Lyons shall they guard us when we please;

Like *Almain* Rusters with their horsemen's flaves;

Or *Lopland* Giants trotting by our sides.

Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,

Shawdoing more beauty in their Airie brow,

Than have the white breasts of the Queen of love,

From *Venice* they shall drag whole Argosies,

And from *America* the golden Fleece,

That yearly stuffs old *Philips* treasury;

If learned *Faustus* will be resolute.

*Faust.* *Valdes*. As resolute am I in this;

As thou to live: therefore object it not.

*Corn.* The miracles that Magick will perform,

Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

He that is grounded in Astrology,

Inricht with tongues, well seen in Minerals,

Hath all the Principles Magick doth require:

Then doubt not *Faustus* but to be renown'd,

And more frequented for this mystery,

Than heretofore the *Delphian* Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the Sea,

And fetch the treasure of all forrain wrecks:

Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,

Within the massie intrals of the earth:

Then tell me *Faustus* what shall we three want.

*Faust.* Nothing *Cornelius*. O this cheere my soul,

Come, shew me some demonstrations Magical,

that I may conjure in some bushy grove,

And have these Joyes in full possession.

*Vald.* Then hast thee to some solitary grove,

And bear wise *Bacons* and *Albanus* works,

The Hebrew Psalter, and new testaments,

And

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And whatsoever else is requisite,

We will informe thee ere our conference cease,

*Cor. Valdes.* First let him know the words of Art,

And then all other ceremonies learn'd,

*Faustus* may try his cunning by himself.

*Val.* First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,

And then will thou be perfecter then I.

*Faust.* Then come and dine with me, and after meat,

We'll canuase every quiddity thereof:

For ere I sleep I'll try what I can doe,

This night I'll conjure though I die therefore,

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter two Schollers.*

*1. Scho.* I wonder what's become of *Faustus* that was wont to make our Schooles ring with *sic probo*.

*Enter Wag.*

*2. Scho.* That shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

*1. Scho.* How now firrah, where's thy Master?

*Wag.* God in heaven knows.

*2. Scho.* Why, dost not thou know then?

*Wag.* Yes I know but that follows not.

*1. Scho.* Go to firrah, leave your jesting, and tell where he is.

*Wag.* That follows not by force of argument, which you being *Licentiats* should stand upon, therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

*2. Scho.* Then you will not tell us?

*Wag.* You are deceiv'd, for I will tell you: yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question. For is he not *Corpus naturale*, and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by nature slegmatick, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next Session. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a *Precisyn*, and begin to speake thus: truly my deare Brethren, my Master is within at dinner with *Valdes* and *Cornelius*, as this Wine if it could speake would informe your worships: and so the Lord

*bleis*

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blesse you, preserve you, and keep you my dear brethren.

Exit.

1 *Sch.* O *Faustus* then I fear the which I have long suspected,  
That thou art fallen into the damned art,  
For which they two are infamous thorow the world,

2 *Sch.* VVere he a stranger not allied to me,  
The danger of his soul would make me mourn :  
But come let us go, and inform the Rector,  
It may be his grave counsell may reclaim;

1 *Sch.* I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2 *Sch.* Yet let us see what we can do. Exeunt,

*Thunder, Enter Lucifer and four Devils, Faustus to  
them with this speech.*

*Faust.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view *Orions* drifting look,  
Leaps from the *Antartick* world unto the skie,  
And dims the *Welkin* with his pitchy breath,  
*Faustus* begin thine *Incantations*,  
And try if *Divels* will obey thy Hest,  
Seeing thou hast prai'd and sacrific'd to them.  
VVithin this circle is the names of all internal spirits,  
And Characters of Signes and crying Stars,  
By which the spirits are inforc'd to rise :  
Then fear not *Faustus* to be resolute,  
And try the utmost *Magick* can perform :

*Thunder.* *Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, Valeat numen triplex  
Jehova, ignei, Aeris, Aquitani spiritus salute : Orientis Princeps  
Belzebub, inferni ardentis Monarcha et Demigorgon, propi-  
tiamus vis, ut appareat, et surgat Mephostophilis Dragon, quod  
tuneraris : per Jehovam, gebennam et consecratam aquam,  
quem nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota  
nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephostophilis.*

Enter Devill.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape,

B

Then



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Thou art too ugly to attend on me :  
Go and return an old Franciscan Friar;  
That holy shape becomes a Devil best. *Exit Devil.*  
I see there's vertue in my heavenly words,  
VWho would not be proficient in this Art?  
How playnt is this *Mephostophilis*?  
Full of obedience and humility,  
Such is the force of Magick and my Spells.

*Enter Mephostophilis.*

*Meph.* Now *Faustus* what wouldst thou have me doe?

*Faust.* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,  
To do what ever *Faustus* shall command :  
Be it to make the Moon drop from her Spheare  
Or the Ocean to overwhelm the world.

*Meph.* I am a servant to great *Lucifer*,  
And may not follow thee without his leave :  
No more than he commands must we perform.

*Faust.* Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

*Meph.* No, I came hither of mine own accord,

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring raise thee? speak.

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet per accidens :

For when we hear one swear,

We flye, in hope to get him :

Nor will we come unlesse he use such means,

VWhereby he is in danger to be lost :

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abjure all godlinesse,

And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

*Fau.* So *Faustus* hath already done, and holds this principle,  
There is no chief but onely *Belzebub* :

To whom *Faustus* doth dedicate himself.

This word being lost terrifies not me,

But leaving these vain trifles,

Tell me, what is that *Lucifer*, thy Lord?

*Meph.* Arch-regent and Commander of Spirits,

*Faust.* VWas not that *Lucifer* an Angel once?

*Meph.*

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*Meph.* Yes *Faustus*.

*Faust.* How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

*Meph.* O, by aspiring pride and insolence,  
For which he was thrown from the face of heaven.

*Faust.* And what are you that live with *Lucifer*?

*Meph.* Unhappy spirits that live with *Lucifer*,  
Conspir'd against heaven with *Lucifer*,  
And are for ever lost with *Lucifer*.

*Faust.* What are you damn'd? *Meph.* In hell.

*Faust.* How comes it then, that thou art out of Hell?

*Meph.* Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it.

Thinkst thou that I, that,  
Tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,  
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O *Faustus* leave these frivolous demands,  
Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

*Faust.* What is great *Mephistophilis* so passionate?  
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?

Learn thou of *Faustus* manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great *Lucifer*;  
Seeing *Faustus* hath incur'd eternal death,  
By desperate thoughts against Joves Deity,  
Say he surrenders up to him his self,  
So he will spare him four and twenty years,  
Letting him live in all voluptuousness,

Having thee ever to attend on me,  
To give thee whatsoever I shall ask,  
To tell me whatsoever I demand:

To stay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,  
And alwaies be obedient to my will,

Go and return to mighty *Lucifer*,  
And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy masters mind,

*Meph.* I will *Faustus*.

*Exit.*

*Faust.* Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'de give them all for *Mephistophilis*.

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Y<sup>e</sup> him I'll be great Emperour of the world,  
And make a bridge thorow the moving Air,  
To passe the Ocean with a band of men:  
I'll joine the hills that bind the Affrick shore,  
And make that countrey continent to Spaine,  
And both contributary to my Crown;  
The Emperour shall not live but by my leave,  
Nor any potentate of Germany.  
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,  
I'll live in speculation of this Art,  
Till *Mephostophilis* returne again.

*Exit.*

*Enter Wagner and the Clowne.*

*Wag.* Come hither sirrah boy.

*Clo.* Boy, O disgrace to my person: boy in your face,  
you have seen many boyes with beards I am sure,

*Wag.* Hast thou no commings in?

*Clo.* And goings out too, you may see sir.

*Wag.* Alas poor slave, see how poverty jests in his nakedness:  
I know the villaine's out of service, and so hungry that I  
know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of  
Mutton, though it were blood raw.

*Clo.* Not so neither, I had need to have it well roasted, and  
good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

*Wag.* Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait on me? and I  
will make thee go, like *Qui mihi discipulus*,

*Clo.* What in verse?

*Wag.* No slave in beaten filth, and staves-aker;

*Clo.* Staves-aker? that's good to kill vermine: then belike  
if I serve you I shall be lowlie.

*Wag.* Why so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no:  
for sirrah, if thou dost presently bind thy self to me for seven  
years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into saw illars and make  
them ease thee in pieces.

*Clo.* Nay, sir you may spare your selfe a labour, for they are  
as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drinke  
I can tell you.

*Wag.*

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*Wag.* Well firra, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

*Clo.* Yes marry fir, and I thank you too.

*Wag.* So, now thou art to be at an hours warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

*Clo.* Here take your guilders again, I'll none of 'em.

*Wag.* Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy self, for I will presently raise up two Devils to carry thee away, *Ranio, Belcher.*

*Clo.* *Belcher*, and *Belcher* come here, I'll belch him; I am not afraid of a Devil.

*Enter two Devils.*

*Wag.* How now fir, will you serve me now?

*Clo.* I good *Wagner*, take away the Devil then.

*Wag.* Spirits away, now firrah follow me.

*Clo.* I will fir, but heark you master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

*Wag.* I firra, I'll teach thee to turn thy self to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

*Clo.* A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat? O brave *Wagner*.

*Wag.* Villaine, call me Master *Wagner*, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be alwaies Diametrically fixt upon my left heele, that thou maist, *Quasi vestigias nostras insistere.*

*Clo.* Well fir, I warrante you.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT. II.

*Enter Faustus in his Study.*

**F***aust.* Now *Faustus* must thou needs be lost,  
Canst thou not be sav'd?

What boot's it then to think on Heaven?

Away with such vain fancies and despair,

Despair in heaven and trust in *Belzebub*,

Now go not back *Faustus*, be resolute,

Waverst thou? O something soundeth in mine ear,

Abjure this Magick heaven and repent.

*Enter*

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*Enter the two Angels.*

*Evil Ang.* Go forward *Faustus* in that most famous Art,

*Good Ang.* Sweet *Faustus* leave that execrable Art.

*Faust.* Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, what be these ?

*Good Ang.* O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven,

*Evil Ang.* Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that do use them most.

*Good Ang.* Sweet *Faustus* think of heaven & heavenly things,

*Bad A.* No *Faustus*, think of honor & of wealth, *Exeunt Ang.*

*Faust.* Wealth ; why the signory of *Emden* shall be mine ;

When *Mephostophilis* shall stand by me.

What power can hurt me ? *Faustus* thou art safe :

Cast no more doubts, *Mephostophilis* come,

And bring glad tidings from great *Lucifer*.

Is't not midnight ? Come *Mephostophilis*,

*Veni, Veni, Mephostophilis.*

*Enter Meph.*

Now tell me, what saith *Lucifer* thy Lord ?

*Meph.* That I shall wait on *Faustus* whilst he lives,

So thou wilt buy his service with thy blood.

*Faust.* Already *Faustus* hath hazarded that for thee.

*Meph.* But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a deed of Gift with it,

For that security craves *Lucifer*,

If thou deny it I must back to Hell.

*Faust.* Stay *Mephostophilis*, and tell me

What good will that do thy Lord ?

*Meph.* Enlarge his Kingdom.

*Faust.* Is that the reason why he tempts us thus ?

*Meph.* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

*Faust.* Why, have you any pain that torture others ?

*Meph.* As great as have the humane spirits of men,

But tell me *Faustus* shall I have thy soul ?

And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,

And give thee more then thou hast wit to ask.

*Faust.* I *Mephostophilis*, I'll give it him.

*Meph.* Then *Faustus* stab thine arm courageously,

And

## of Doctor Faustus.

And bind thy soul that at some certain day

Great *Lucifer* may claim it as his own:

Then be thou as great as *Lucifer*

*Faust.* Lo *Mepho*, for love of thee *Faustus* hath cut his arme,  
And with his proper blood assures himself to be great *Lucifers*,  
Chief Lord and regent of perpetual night,

View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for thy wish.

*Meph.* But *Faustus*,

Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

*Faust.* I so I doe; but *Mephistophilis*,

My blood conjeales and I can write no more.

*Meph.* I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

*Exit.*

*Faust.* What might the staying of my blood portend?  
It is unwilling I should write the bill.

Why streams it not that I may write a fresh?

*Faustus* gives to thee his soul: O there it staid.

Why shouldst thou not? is it not thine own?

Then write again & *Faustus* gives to thee his.

*Enter Mephistophilis with the Chaffer of fire.*

*Meph.* See *Faustus* here is fire, set it on.

*Faust.* So now the blood begins to clear again,

Now will I make an end immediately.

*Meph.* What will I not do to obtain this man?

*Faust.* *Consummatum est*: this bill is ended,  
And *Faustus* hath bequeath'd himself to *Lucifer*.

But what is this inscription on mine Arme?

*Home-fuge*, whether shall I flye?

Unto heaven hee'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ:

O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ

*Home-fuge*, yet shall not *Faustus* fly.

*Meph.* I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind,

*Exit.*

*Enter*

# The Tragical History

*Enter Devils giving Crownes and rich apparell to*

*Faustus: they dance and then depart.*

*Enter Mephistophilis.*

*Faust.* What means this shew? speak *Mephistophilis*,

*Meph.* Nothing *Faustus*, but to delight thy mind,  
And let thee see what magick can perform.

*Faust.* But may I raise such spirits when I please?

*Meph.* I *Faustus*, and do greater things then these.

*Faust.* Then *Mephistophilis* receive  
this deed of gift;

But yet conditionally; that thou perform

All Covenants and Articles between us both.

*Meph. Faustus*, I swear by Hell and Lucifer,  
To effect all promises between us both.

*Meph. Faustus* Then hear me read it *Mephistophilis*,  
On these conditions following.

First, That *Faustus* may be a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, That *Mephistophilis* shall be his servant and be by  
him commanded.

Thirdly, That *Mephistophilis* shall do for him, and bring him  
whatsoever he requireth.

Fourthly, That he shall be in house or chamber invisible.

Lastly, That he shall appear to the said *John Faustus* at all times,  
in what shape and form soever he please.

I *John Faustus* of *Wittenberg*, Doctor, by these presents doe  
give my self to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his Minister *Mephos-*  
*tophilis*, and furthermore grant unto them that four and twenty  
years being expired, and these Articles above written being infor-  
late, full power to fetch or carry the said *John Faustus*, flesh and  
blood into their habitation wheresoever.

By me *John Faustus*.

*Meph.* Speak *Faustus*, do you deliver this as your deed;

*Faust.* I take it, and the devil give good of it,

*Meph.* So now *Faustus* ask what thou wilt.

*Faust.*



## of Doctor *Faustus*.

*Faust.* First, I will question thee about Hell,  
Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?

*Meph.* Vnder the Heavens.

*Faust.* I so are all things else; but whereabouts?

*Meph.* Within the bowels of these Elements,  
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self-place: but where we are in hell,

And where hell is there must we ever be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

*Faust.* I think hell's a meer fable.

*Meph.* I, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

*Faust.* Why dost thou think that *Faustus* shall be lost?

*Meph.* I of necessity, for here's the scrowle  
In which thou hast given thy spirit to Lucifer.

*Faust.* I, and body, and what of that?

Think'st thou that *Faustus* is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any pain?

No, these are trifles, and meer old wives tales.

*Meph.* But I am an instance to prove the contrary:

For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in Hell.

*Faust.* Nay and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?

But leaving this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live without a wife.

*Meph.* Well *Faustus*, thou shalt have a wife.

*He fetches in a Woman Devil.*

*Faust.* What sight is this?

*Meph.* Now *Faustus* wilt thou have a wife?

*Faust.* Here's a hot whore indeed: no, I'll no wife;

*Meph.* Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lovest me think no more of it:

I'll call thee out the fairest Curtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

# The Tragical History

She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall have,  
Were she as chaste as were *Penelope*,  
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful  
As was bright *Lucifer* before his fall.  
Here, take this book and peruse it well:  
The iterating of these lines brings gold.  
The framing of this circle on the ground  
Brings Thunder, Whirlwinds, storme and lightning,  
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy self,  
And men in harnesse shall appear to thee,  
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

*Faust.* Thanks *Mephostophilis* for this sweet book:  
This will I keep as chary as my life,

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wagner solus.*

*Wag.* Learned *Faustus*,  
To know the secrets of *Astronomy*,  
Craven in the book of *Joves* high firmament,  
Did mount himself to scale *Olympus* top,  
Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons necks,  
He now is gone to prove *Cosmography*,  
And as I guesse will first arrive at *Rome*,  
To see the Pope and manner of his Court:  
And take some part of holy *Peters* feast,  
That on this day is solemnized.

*Ex. Wagner.*

*Enter Faustus in his study and Mephostophilis.*

*Faust.* When I behold the Heavens, then I repent,  
And curse the wicked *Mephostophilis*,  
Because thou hast depriv'd me of these joys.

*Meph.* 'Twas thy own seeking *Faustus*, thank thy self.  
But thinkest thou heaven such a glorious thing?

I tell

# V of Doctor Faustus.

I tell thee *Faustus* it is not half so fair,  
As thou or any man that breaths on earth.

*Faust.* How prou'st thou that?

*Meph.* 'Twas made for man, then hee's more excellenc.

*Faust.* If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:  
I will renounce this magick and repent.

*Enter the two Angels.*

*Good An.* *Faustus* repent, yea heaven will pity thee,

*Bad An.* Thou art a spirit, it cannot pity thee.

*Faust.* VVho buzeth in mine ears, I am a Spirit?  
Be I a Devil, yet heaven may pity me.

Yea it will pity me if I repent.

*Bad An.* I, but *Faustus* never shall repent.

*Exit An.*

*Faust.* My heart is hardned, I cannot repent,  
Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven:

Swords, poysons, halters, and inuendom'd steel,

Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:

And long ere this I should have done the deed,

Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.

Have I not made blind *Homer* sing to me

Of *Alexanders* love, and *Queen* death?

And hath not he that builds the wales of *Thebes*,

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made musick with my *Mephistophilis*?

VVhy should I die then, or basely despair?

I am resolv'd *Faustus* shall not repent.

Come *Mephistophilis*, let us dispute again,

And reason of divine Astrology,

Speak, are there many Sphaeres above the Moon,

Are all Celestial bodies but one Globe,

As is the substance of this Centrick Earth?

*Meph.* As are the Elements such are the Heavens,

Even from the Moon unto the Emperial Orb,

# The Tragical History

Mutually folded in each others Spheres,  
And jointly move upon one axle-tree,  
Whose termine is termed the worlds wide Pole.  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars or Jupiter,  
Fain'd; but are evening stars.

*Faust.* But have they all one motion both *situ et tempore*?

*Meph.* All move from East to West in foure and twenty  
hours, upon the poles of the world, but differ in their moti-  
ons upon the place of the Zodiacke.

*Faust.* These slender questions *Wagner* can decide:  
Hath *Mephistophilis* no greater skill?  
Who knows not the double motion of the Planets?  
That the first is finisht in a natural day?

The second thus, Saturn in 30 years;  
*Jupiter* in 12, *Mars* in 4, the *Sun Venus* and  
*Mercury* in a year, the Moon in twenty eight daies.

These are fresh mens questions, but tell me, hath every  
Sphear a Dominion, or *Inteligentia*?

*Meph. I*

*Faust.* How many heavens or spheres are there?

*Meph.* Nine, the seven Planets, the Firmament, and the  
Emperial Heaven,

*Faust.* But is there not *Cælum igneum et Chrysellinum*?

*Meph.* No *Faustus*, they be but fables.

*Faust.* Resolve me then this question:

Why are not Conjunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,  
all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some lesse?

*Meph.* *Per in æqualem motum respectu totius.*

*Faust.* Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the  
world?

*Meph.* I will not.

*Faust.* Sweet *Mephistophilis* tell me.

*Meph.* Move me not *Faustus*.

*Faust.* Villain have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

*Meph.* That is not against our Kingdom.

This is: thou art lost, think thou of Hell.

*Faust.* Think *Faustus* upon him that made the world.

*Meph.* Remember this

*Exit:*

*Faust.*

## of Doctor Faustus.

*Faust.* I go accurst spirits to ugly hell:  
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed *Faustus* soul, I'm not too late?

*Enter the two Angels.*

*Bad.* Too late.

*Good Ang.* Never too late if *Faustus* will repent.

*Bad.* If thou repent Devils will tear thee in pieces.

*Good.* Repent and they shall never rase thy skin, *Ex, An.*

O help distressed *Faustus*,

*Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis,*

*Luci.* He cannot save thy soul, for he is just,  
There's none but I have interest in the same.

*Faust.* O what art thou that lookst so terribly?

*Luci.* I am *Lucifer*, and this is my companion prince in hell.

*Faust.* O *Faustus*, they are come to fetch thee.

*Belz.* We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

*Luci.* Thou cal'st on heaven contrary to thy promise.

*Belz.* Thou shouldst not think on heaven.

*Luci.* Think on the devil.

*Belz.* And his dam too.

*Faust.* Nor will *Faustus* henceforth, pardon him for this,  
And *Faustus* vows never to look to heaven.

*Luci.* So shalt thou shew thy self an obedient servant;  
And he will highly gratifie thee for it.

*Belz.* *Faustus*, we are come from hell in person to shew thee  
some pastime: sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seven  
deadly sinnes appear to thee in their own proper shapes and  
likenesse.

*Faust.* That sight will be as pleasant unto me, as *Paradise* was  
to *Adam* the first day of his Creation.

*Luci.* Talke not of *Paradise* or Creation, but mark the shew,  
go *Mephistophilis* and fetch them in,

*Enter*

# The Tragicall History

*Enter the Seven deadly Sinnes.*

*Belz.* Now *Faustus* question them of their names and dispositions.

*Faust.* That shall I soon: what art thou the first?

*Pride.* I am *Pride*: I disdain to have any parents; I am like to *Ovids* *Flet*, I can creep into every corner of a wench: Sometimes like a *Perritwigge* I sit upon her brow: next, like a *Neeke-lace*, I hang about her neck: then like a *Fanne of Feathers*, I kisse her: And then turning my selfe to a wrought smocke doe what I list. But fie, what a smell is here? I'll not speak a word more for a *Kings Ransome*, unlesse the ground be perfumed and covered with cleath of *Aras*.

*Faust.* Thou art a proud knave indeed: what art thou the second?

*Covet.* I am *Covetousnesse*; begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag; and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my Chest; O my sweet gold.

*Faust.* And what art thou the third?

*Envy.* I am *Envy*, begotten of a Chimney sweeper and an Oyster wife; I cannot read, and therefore with all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat; O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I'de be. But must thou sit and I stand: come down with a vengeance.

*Faust.* Our envious wretch, but what art thou the fourth?

*Wrath.* I am *Wrath*; I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an hour old, and have ever since run up and down the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall; I was borne in Hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my Father.

*Faust.* And what art thou the fift?

*Glee.* I am *Gluttony*, my parents are all dead, and the devil  
a penny

# of Doctor Faustus.

a penny they have left me but a small pension, and that buye  
me thirty meales a day, and ten Beavers; a small trifle to  
suffice nature. I am of a Royal Pedigree, my Father was a  
Gammon of Beacon, and my Mother was a Hoggs-head of  
Claret wine. My God-fathers were these; Peter pickled  
herring, and Martin Martlemas-beefe; but my God-mother,  
O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery  
March-beer. Now *Faustus* thou hast heard all my Progeny,  
wilt thou bid me to supper?

*Faust.* Not I.

*Gho.* Then the devil choak thee.

*Faust.* Choak thy self *Glutton*: what art thou the first?

*Sloth.* Hey ho I am *Sloth*. I was begotten on a sunny bank,  
Hey ho, i'll not speak a word more for a Kings Ransome.

*Faust.* And what are you mistress *Minks*, the seventh and  
last?

*Letch.* Who? I sir: I am one that loves an inch of raw Mut-  
ton, better then an ell of fride Stockfish; and the first letter  
of my name begins with *Litchery*.

*Lucif.* Away to hell, away, on Piper.

*Ex the 7. Sinnes*

*Faust.* O how this light doth delight my soul.

*Lucif.* But *Faustus* in hell is all manner of delight.

*Faust.* O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy  
were I then?

*Lucif.* *Faustus*, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thee,  
Mean while peruse this book, and view it thoroughly.

And thou shalt turn thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

*Faust.* Thanks mighty *Lucifer*.

This will I keep as chary as my life.

*Luci.* Now *Faustus* farewell.

*Faust.* Farewel great *Lucifer*. Come *Mephistophilis*.

*Enter the Clowne.*

What *Dick* looke to the horses there till I come againe,  
I have gotten one of Doctor *Faustus* conjuring books, and now  
wee'l have such knavery as's passed.

*Enter*



# The Tragickall History

*Enter Dick.*

**Dick.** What *Robin*, you must come away and walk the horses.

**Rob.** I walk the horses, I scorn't is faith, I have other matters in hand, let the horses walk themselves as they will. *A per se a. r. b. e. the: o per se o per be e, veni orgon gorgon?* keeps further from me O thou illiterate and unlearned Nostler.

**Dick.** Snailles, what hast thou got there? a book? why thou canst ne're a word on't.

**Rob.** That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the Circle I say, lest I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.

**Dick.** That's like *Isaith*: you had best leave your foolery, for an my master come, hee'l conjure you *Isaith*.

**Rob.** My master conjure me? I'll tell thee what, an my master come here, i'll clap a fair pair of horns on's head, as ere thou sawest in thy life.

**Dick.** Thou needs not do it, for my mistress hath done it.

**Rob.** I, there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to sa k.

**Dick.** A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But I prethee tell me in good sadnesse *Robin*, is that a conjuring book?

**Rob.** Doe but sprak what thou'st have me to dor, and I'll do't; If thou't dance naked, put off thy cloaths, and i'll conjure thee about presently: or if thou't go but to the taverns with me, i'll give thee White-wine Red-wine, Claret-wine, Sack, Muscadine, Malmesey, and Whippinocruff, hold belly hold, and wee'l not pay one penny for it.

**Dick.** O brave, I prethee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

**Rob.** Come then let us away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus.*

Learned *Faustus*, to find the secrets of Astronomy  
Graven in the book of *Joves* high firmament,

. Did

## of Doctor Faustus.

Did mount to scale Olympus top;  
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons necks:  
To view the Clouds, the Planets and the stars,  
The Tropick Zones, and quarters of the skies.  
From the bright circle of the horned Moon,  
Even to the height of *Primum mobile*:  
And whirling round with this circumference,  
Within the concrete compasse of the Pole.  
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,  
And in eight dayes did bring him home again.  
Not long he laid within this quiet house  
To rest his bones after this weary toyle,  
But new exploits do haulc him out agen,  
And mounted then upon a Dragons back,  
That with his wings did part the subtle Air,  
Hence is gone to prove Cosmography,  
That measures coasts and kingdomes of the earth,  
And as I guesse will first arrive at *Rome*,  
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,  
And take some part of holy *Peters* feast,  
The which this day is highly solemnized.

*Exit.*

## ACT. III.

*Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.*

*Faust.* **N**OW,  
*Mephistophilis*  
Having past with delight the famous  
Town of *Tyre*, environ'd round with Aiery  
Mountain tops: we came to *Rome*, where  
There is a Bridge cal'd *Ponte Angelo*, upon which  
There is erected as many Cannons as there is  
Days in a compleat year, besides the Gates

D

And

# The Tragical History

And high *Piramedes*, which *Julius Cæsar*  
Brought from *Affrica*.

*Meph.* Having now *Faustus* past with delight

The famous City of *Rome*, and all the

Monuments of Antiquity: our next shall be

To see the *Sultans* Court, and what

Delight great *Babylon* affords, this day

The *Soldan* with his *Bashawes* holds a

Solemne Feast for his late Victory,

Obtain'd against the Christians, wee'l be

His guests, and though unbidden, bring no

Stooles with us: come stand by,

And thou shalt the come immediately.

*Faust.* Thou knowst my good *Mephistophilis*,

Within eight dayes we view'd the face of

Heaven, Earth, and Hell, so high our dragons

Sword into the kie, that looking downwards.

The Earth appear'd to me in quantity

No bigger then my hand,

Then in this shew let me an actor be,

That the proud *Turk* may *Faustus* cunning see,

*Meph.* *Faustus* I will, but first stay

And view their triumphs as they passe this way,

And then devise what mischief best contents

Thy mind, be cunning in thy art to cross

Their mirth, or dash the pride of their

Solemnyty, to clap huge horns upon his

*Bashawes* head, or any villany thou canst

Devise, and I'll perform it *Faustus*, hark they come,

This day shall make thee admir'd in *Babylon*.

*Faust.* One thing more my good *Mephistophilis*,

Let me intreat of thee that *Faustus* may

Delight his mind, and through their follies cause

Some mirth, so charm me, I may appear

Invisible to all are here, and doe

What ere I please, unseen of any.

*Meph.* *Faustus* I will kneel down,

## of Doctor Faustus.

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,  
And charm thee with this Magick wand,  
Take this girdle, thou shalt appear  
Invisible to all are here;  
The Planets seven, and the gloomy Air,  
Hell, and the furies forked haer,  
Pluto's blew fire, and Heecats tree,  
VVith Magick charmes so compasse thee,  
That no eye may thy body see.

Now *Faustus* for all their tricks, do what  
Thou wilt, thou shalt not be deceiv'd of any.

*Faust.* Thanks *Mephistophilis*.

Now *Bashawes* take heed

Lest *Faustus* make your shaven pates to bleed.

*Enter Salomaine and two Bashawes.*

*Solo.* Welcome *Mephistophilis* from the siege of *Malta*,  
And though we use no great familiarity  
Towards our Vassals, but with severe looks  
Maintain the reverence due to the *Ottoman*  
Family, and so strike terror In our subjects  
Hearts: yet since the fates have so much  
favour'd us, as we have gain'd that proud  
Rebellious town, that refus'd payments of our  
Yearly tribute: we will recreate your wearied  
Limbs, and pass the time with you my Lords in  
Mirth, and to increase our joyes the more, *Caleph* from  
You, Let us here the story of *Malta's* siege.

*Ca.* Dread Sovereigne,

We no sooner there arrived, but of the  
Governour, in your most Royal name, we  
Demanded the ten months tribute last  
Vnpaid: they desir'd time to make collection  
Amongst the inhabitants of the *Malta* for it?

# The Tragical History

A moneth we granted, in which time  
They seisd on half the Estates of all  
The Jews amongst them;  
The time for truce allotted, scarce expir'd,  
Arriv'd *Martine Belbosco* out of *Spaine*, who  
With great promises of his Masters aid,  
Incourag'd those of *Malta* not to render  
Their promis'd tribute, but defend themselves:  
They follow'd his advice, and made him general,  
Who with those *Malta* Knights and lusty Seamen,  
So valiantly the Sea and Coast defended,  
That all our force in vain had been employ'd,  
Had not an unexpected chance reliev'd us;  
*Mustapha* may it please you finish the story,  
For I was sent upon another design,  
You know it better.

*Mus.* One morning as our scouts reliev'd our watch,  
Hard by the City walls they found a body  
Senseless, and speechless, yet gave some sign  
Of life remaining in it: after some time  
Spent in recovering to himself, he did  
Confesse he was a Jew o'th town, who  
to revenge some wrongs done him by  
The Christians, would shew us how to  
Enter to the town, and in short time  
Make us masters of it: he therefore led our  
Stoie through a vault, and rose with them in the  
Middle of the town, open'd the gates for us to  
Enter in, and by that means the place  
Became our own.

*Solo.* Most grateful news.

*Calph.* Go call the Emperesse.

In the mean time prepare a banquet,  
She shall partake with us in our joy and mirth;  
It is too solitary to be alwaies pind up  
In the *Saralious* solitary lodgings:  
The greatest Princes are of humane mold,

## of Doctor Faustus.

No bow so good, but if steel bent  
Will break——welcome my dearest,  
Whose soft embraces my wearied limbs refresh;  
The pleasures we have receiv'd through the  
The Christians overthrow, invites us sweet  
To make a day of joy and triumph, which  
Caus'd us dearest desire thy company.

*Emp.* Great *Solomaine*,  
The glory of the *Ottomans*,  
My dear and honoured Lord,  
Thus low your handmaid returns your  
Highness thanks, that you wou'd be pleas'd to  
Admit your humble Vassal to partake  
Of your Joies, and the cause on't,  
*Mabomet* preserve your Majesty,  
And grant you may obtain  
Many such victories.

*Faust.* An excellent beautie this *Mephistophilis*,  
I must needs have a touch at her lips.

*Mep.* Do *Faustus*, enjoy thy wish, glad thy selfe  
With pleasure whilst time and occasion permits,

*Emp.* *Mabomet* defend me.  
What's that, that wilst so touch me?

*Faust.* Only a friend of yours inamour'd with  
Your beautie Ladie.

*Solo.* You seem discontented, or else amaz'd  
At some strange accident: what it  
Offends you sweet, come drink of this Cordial  
To revive thee.

*Faust.* Though I must confesse I have no great need  
Of cordial waters, yet I'll drink it, because  
It came from an Emperress hand:  
Here *Solomaine*, here's to thee, and all thy mens  
Confusion.

*Solo.* Hell, Furies, traytors look about,  
See what tis that thus disturbs our mirth, and tell me  
Dogs, or by our holy Prophets tomb I swear

# The Tragical History

Ye all shall die the miserablest death, that  
Ever witty cruelty invented: how my soul is  
Tortur'd with these villanous charms: some  
Musick there to moderate these passions in  
My breast, ha! do devils haunt my Palace,  
Or are they come to celebrate such meetings  
As the Christians use.

I'll find the cause of all these strange events,  
And by our counter charmes cross their intents.  
Call our Majecian forth, and let him bring,  
Such necessities as his Art requires, to force  
An answer from this infernal fiend,  
That does disturb our mirth.

*Meph.* *Faustus* Raud by, and give me leave to act  
My part: we spirits take no pleasure in wine,  
Or women, all our delights to hurt and torture  
Men, which i'll perform on his majecian,  
Vnless he serve a power above me, as we  
Have order in our confusion, and different degrees  
Amongst us, he carry him away out of  
His circle, and throw him down into some  
Stinking puddle.

*Faust.* Why, but tell me *Mephophilis*, dar'st thou  
Attempt to ventur on a man in his circle?

*Meph.* Because thou art ours and sold to *Lucifer*, and I  
Have promis'd to serve thee faithfully: I'll not  
Conceal the secrets of our state from thee, thou darling  
Of great *Lucifer*: know all those rights and  
Spells which mortals use to make us rise,  
Appear visible, answer to their demands,  
Fullfill their wills, and execute their malices on  
Their enemies, are very fables, if soe'd at first  
In hell, and thrust on credulous mortals  
To deceive 'm.

Nor is there such a power in signes and words, to  
Make us so obey: that rule the elements, and in a  
Moment, if we had but leave, would turn the

world



## of Doctor Faustus I

VWorld to a confus'd nothing, 'tis true we seem  
To come constrain'd, and by the power of their  
Charms: but are more willing to be employ'd to  
Hurt and kill mankind, then they are willing to engage  
Us in their service, and whereſoe'er we find one bent to our  
Familiarity, we fly then willingly to catch him.

*Faust.* Thanks good *Mephistophilis* for this discovering  
Of your misery. *Enter Conjuror,*

*Solo.* *Majecian* shew thy skill, and by thy art inquire  
VWhat it is that thus disturbs our mirth, and then  
Command it forthwith to depart.

*Conju.* I obey your Royal pleasure.

VWithin my circle here I stand,  
And in my hand, this silver wand  
Arm'd with the potent hell gods names  
As which fiends tremble midst the flames  
By fat of infants newly kill'd,  
And blood by cruel mothers spill'd,  
By *Plato's* love to *Proserpine*,

VWhich made his Hell-hood sigh and whine,

By *Minos* and by *Aegus*,

By *Radamant* and *Serbonus*,

I do conjure you hellish spirits;

That the infernal vaules inherits;

Send from your seamy palaces hither,

One of your train to tell me whether,

He that disturbs the Emperours feast,

Be a Devil, or a Ghost from hell releas't,

*Meph.* A devil.

*Conju.* Thy name, who sent for thee? why dost not

shew thy self? scornst thou my charms,

VWhich heretofore made thee fly as swift

As lightning to obey my best: I'll torture thee

For this contempt of me, and sink thee to the

Bottom of the Sea, or blind thee in the darkness of

*At Arabia*

# The Tragical History

*Arabia* a thousand years to punish thy disobedience.

*Meph.* Will you so audious mortal? nay now you move at Me, and because your fears have made you stone cold, I'll warm you for your threatening me with water, And for fear you should get a Feavour, by this Unwonted fire, in the next pond you come at, I quench your heat.

*Conju.* Help, help, help.

*Exit.*

*Sollo.* Come my dearest, thy life is worth all ours.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowr and Dick with a Cup.*

*Dick.* Sirra Robin, we were best looke that your divelean answer the stealing of this Cup, for the Vintners boy follows us at the hard heels.

*Rob.* Tis no matter, let him come: and he follows, ile conjure him, as he was never conjur'd in his life, I warrant him; let me see the cup.

*Enter Vintner.*

*Dick.* Here 'tis, yonder he comes; now Robin, now or never shew thy cunning.

*Vint.* Oh are you here? I am glad I have found you, you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

*Rob.* How how? we stole a cup, take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers that I can tell you.

*Vint.* Never deny't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

*Rob.* Search me, I and spare not: hold the cup Dick, come, come, search me, search me.

*Vint.* Come on sirra, let me search you now.

*Dick.* I, I do, do, hold the cup Robin, I fear not your searching: we scorn to steal your cups I can tell you.

*Vint.* Now outface me for the matter, for sure the cup is between you two.

*Rob.* Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

*Vint.*

of Doctor Faustus.

*Vint.* A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: Come give it me again.

*Rob.* I much, when can you tell? *Dicke*, make me a Circle, and stand close to my back, and stir not for thy life: *Prin* you shall have your Cup anon, say nothing *Dicke*: O peris O. *Demigorgon, Belcher, and Mephistophilis.*

*Enter Mephistophilis.*

*Meph.* You Princely Legions of Infernal Rule,  
How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes;  
From *Constantinople* have they brought me now,  
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaves.

*Rob.* By Lady sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it: will it please you take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and a Teller in your purse, and go back again.

*Dicke.* I, pray you heartily sir; for we cal'd you but in jest I promise you.

*Meph.* To purge the rashness of this cursed Seed,  
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,  
For apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

*Rob.* O brave, an Ape? I pray sir let me have the carrying of him about to shew some tricks.

*Meph.* And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a Dogge, and carrie him upon thy back, away begone.

*Rob.* A dog? that's excellent: lets the Maids look well to their Poridge-pots, for I'll into the Kitchen presently: come *Dicke*, come. *Exeunt the two Clowns.*

*Meph.* Now with the flames of ever burning fire,  
I'll wing my self, and forth-with flie again,  
Unto my *Faustus* to the great Turks Court. *Exit.*

*Enter Martino and Frederick at several doores.*

*Mart.* What ho, Officers, Gentlemen:  
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperour,  
Good *Fredericke* see the roomes be voided straight,  
His Majesty is coming to the Hall,

## The Tragical History

Go back, and see the State in rediness.

*Fre.* But where is *Bruno* our elected Pope,  
That on a furies back came post from *Rome*.  
Will not his grace consort the Emperor?

*Mart.* O yes and with him comes the *German* Conjurer,  
The learned *Faustus*, fame of *Wittenberge*,  
The wonder of the World for Magick Art,  
And he intends to shew great *Carols*  
The rrac of all his stout Progenitors:  
And bring in presence of his Majesty  
The royal shapes and perfect semblances  
Of *Alexander* and his beautious Paramour.

*Fre.* Where is *Bennolio*?

*Mart.* Fast asleep I warrant you,  
He took his rouse with snoops of Rhennish wine  
So kindly yesternight to *Bruno's* health,  
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

*Fre.* ee see, his Windows's, ope, wee'l call to him.

*Mart.* What ho, *Bennolio*.

*Enter Bennolio above at a window, in his  
night-cap: buttoning.*

*Ben.* What a Devil aile you two;

*Mart.* Speak softly Sir, least the Devil hear you  
For *Faustus* at the Court is late arriv'd,  
And at his heels ten thousand Furies wait,  
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

*Ben.* What of this

*Mart.* Come leave thy Chamber first, and thou shalt see  
This Conjurer performe such rare exploits  
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,  
As never yet was seen in *Germany*,

*Benn.* Has not the Pope enough of Conjuring yet?  
He was upon the Devils back late enough,  
And if he be so far in love with him,  
I would he would post with him to *Rome* again.

*Fre.*

of Doctor *Faustus*.

*Fre.* Speak wilt thou come and see this sport?

*Ben.* Not I.

*Mart.* Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it then?

*Ben.* I, and I fall not asleep i'th mean time.

*Mar.* The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see  
What wonders by black spels may compast be.

*Ben.* Well go you attend the Emperour: I am content for  
this once to thrust my head out at the window: for they say  
if a man be drunk overnight, the Devil cannot hurt him in  
the morning: if that be true, I have a charme in my head shall  
controule him as well as the Conjuror, I warrant you.

*Exit.*

*A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,  
Saxony, Faustus, Asphostophilis, Frederick,  
Martino, and Attendants.*

*Emp.* Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,  
Thrice learned *Faustus*, welcome to our Court.

This deed of thine in setting *Bruno* free;

From his and our profess'd enemy,

Shall add more excellence unto thine Art,

Than if by powerful Necromantick spels,

Thou could'st command the worlds obedience:

For ever be belov'd of *Carolus*.

And if this *Bruno* thou hast late redeem'd,

In peace possesse the triple Diadem;

And sit in *Peters* Chair despite of chance,

Thou shalt be famous thorow all *Italy*,

And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

*Faust.* Those gracious words, most royal *Carolus*,

Shall make poor *Faustus* to his utmost power,

Both love and serve the Germane Emperour,

And lay his life at holy *Bruno's* feet.

For prooffe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,

To cast his Magicke charmes that shall pierce thorow

The Ebon gates of ever-burning Hell,

And hale the stubborne Furies from their Caves,

## The Tragical History

To compass wheretoever your Grace commands.

*Ben.* Blood he speaks terribly: but for all that I do not greatly believe him, he looks as like a Conjuror, as the Pope to a Costermonger.

*Emp.* Then *Faustus*, as thou late didst promise us,  
We would behold that famous Conquerour,  
Great *Alexander* and his Paramour,  
In their true shapes, and state Majestical,  
That we may wonder at their Excellence.

*Fau.* Your Majesty shall see them presently,  
*Mephostophilis* away,

And with a solemn noise of Trumpets sound,  
Present before the Royal Emperour,  
Great *Alexander* and his beauteous Paramour.

*Meph.* *Faustus*; I will.

*Ben.* Well M. Doctor, and your Devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: zounds I could eat my self for anger, to think I have been such an Ass all this while to stand gaping after the Devils Governour, and can see nothing.

*Faust.* Ile make you feel some thing anon if my Art faile me not.

My Lord I must forewarn your Majesty,  
That when my Spirits present their Royal shapes,  
Of *Alexander* and his Paramour,  
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,  
But in dumbe silence let them come and go.

*Emp.* Be it as *Faustus* please, we are content.

*Ben.* I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring *Alexander* and his Paramour before before the Emperour Ile be *Allean*, and turn my self to a Stag.

*Faustus.* And Ile play *Diana*, and send you the Hornes presently.

of Doctor Faustus

*Senit.* Enter at one door the Emperour Alexander, at the other Darius: they meet. Darius is thrown down, Alexander kill<sup>s</sup> him, takes off his Crown, and offering to go out, his Paramour meets him: he embraceth her, and sets Darius Crown upon her head: and coming back, both salute the Emperour, who leaving his state, offers to embrace them: which Faustus seeing, suddenly stayes him. Then Trumpets cease, and Musick sounds.

My gracious Lord, you do forget your self,  
They are but shadows, not substantial,

*Emp.* O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished with sight of this renowned Emperour, that in mine armes I would have compass<sup>t</sup> him. But *Faustus*, since I may not speak to them, to satisfie my longing thoughts at full, let me this tell thee: I have heard it said, that this fair Lady while she liv'd on earth, had on her neck a little Wart, or Mole, how may I prove that saying to be true?

*Faust.* Your Majesty may boldly go and see.

*Emp.* *Faustus*, I see it plain,  
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,  
Than if I gain'd another Monarchie.

*Faust.* Away begon. *Exit few.*

See see my gracious Lord, what strange Beast is yon,  
That thrusts his head out at the window.

*Emp.* O wonderful sight! see Duke of Saxony,  
Two spreading hornes most stately fastened  
Upon the head of young *Bennolio*.

*Sax.* What, is he asleep or dead?

*Faust.* He sleeps my Lord, but dreams not of his hornes.

*Emp.* This sport is excellent; wee'l call and wake him.  
What ho, *Bennolio*.

*Ben.* A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.

*Emp.* I blame thee not to sleep much having such a head of thine own.

*Sax.* Look up *Bennolio*——'tis the Emperour calls.

*Ben.* The Emperour? where? my head, my head.

*Emp.* Nay, and thy hornes hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.



## The Tragical History

*Faust.* Why now fir Knight, what hang'd by the hornes?  
this is most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for shame, let  
not all the world wonder at you.

*Ben.* Doctor, is this your villanie?

*Faust.* O say not so fir: the Doctor has no skill,  
No, Art, no cunning, to present these Lords,  
Or bring before this Royal Emperour  
The mightie Monarch, warlike Alexander,  
If *Faustus* do it, you are strait resolv'd  
In bold *Atreus* shape to turn a Stag,  
And therefore my Lord to please your Majestie,  
He raise a Kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,  
And all his footmanship shall scarce prevail,  
To keep his Carcasse from their bloody phangs.  
Ho. *Helimot, Argiron, Aferote.*

*Ben.* Hold, hold, hee'l raise up a Kennel of Devils I think  
anon: good my Lord, intreat for me, I am never able to endure  
these torments.

*Emp.* Then good Mr. Doctor.

Let me intreat you to remove his hornes  
He hath done pennance now sufficientlie.

*Faust.* My gracious Lord, not so much for injurie done to  
me, as to delight your Majestie with some mirth, hath *Faustus*  
justly requited this injurious K<sup>e</sup> which being all I desire, I am  
content to remove his horns: *Mephostophilis*, transform him?  
and hereafter fir, look you speak well of Scholers.

*Ben.* Speak well of yee? 'sfoot and Scholers be such Cuckold.  
makers to clap hornes upon honest mens heads o' this order, He  
nere tript soomth faces, and small bands more: But an I be not  
reveng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a gaping Oyler,  
and drink nothing but salt water.

*Emp.* Come *Faustus*, while the Emperour lives,  
In recompence of this high desert,  
Thou shalt command the state of *Germany*,  
And live belov'd of mightie *Carolus*:

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Benuolio, Martino, Frederick, and Souldiers.*

*Mart.* Nay sweet *Benuolio*, let us sway thy thoughts  
from this attempt against the Conjuror.

*Ben.*

of Doctor *Faustus*.

*Ben.* Away, you love me not to urge me thus.

Shall I let slip so great an injury,

When every servile groom jeasts at my wrongs,

And in their rustick Gambals proudly say,

*Bennolio's* head was grac'd with hornes to day?

O may these eye-lids never close again,

Till with my sword I have the Conjuror slain,

If you will aid me in this enterprize?

Then draw your weapons and be resolute.

If not, depart; here will *Bennolio* die,

But *Faustus* death shall quit thy infamie.

*Fred.* Nay we will stay with thee, betide what may

And kill the Doctor if he come this way.

*Ben.* Then gentle *Frederick* hie thee to the Grove,

And place our servants and our followers

Close in ambush there behind the trees:

By this I know the Conjuror is near,

I saw him kneel and kisse the Emperours hand,

And take his leave laden with rich rewards.

Then Souldiers bravely fight, if *Faustus* die,

Take you the wealth, leave us the victorie.

*Fred.* Come Souldiers follow me unto the Grove

Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

*Exit Frederick with the Souldiers.*

*Ben.* My head is lighter then it was by the hornes,

But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head.

And pants untill I see the Conjuror dead.

*Mart.* Where shall we place our selves *Bennolio*?

*Ben.* Here will we stay to bide the first assault,

O were that damned Hell-hound but in place,

Thou soon should'st see me quit my foul disgrace.

*Enter Frederick.*

*Fred.* Close, close, the Conjuror is at hand,

And all alone comes walking in his Gown:

Be readie then, and strike that Peasant down.

*Ben.* Mine be that honour then, now swerd strike home,

For hornes he gave, I'll have his head anon.

*Enter*

## The Tragical History

*Enter Faustus with his false head.*

*Mart.* See, see he cometh.

*Ben.* No words, this blow ends all,  
Hell take his Soul, his Body thus must fall.

*Faust.* Oh.

*Fred.* Grone you Master Doctor?

*Ben.* Break may his heart with grones, dear *Frederick* see,  
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

*Mart.* Struck with a willing hand, his head is off.

*Ben.* The Devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

*Fren.* Was this that Stern Aspect, that awful frown,  
Made the grim Monarch of infernal spirits  
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

*Mart.* Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd  
*Bennolio's* shame before the Emperour?

*Ben.* I that's the head, and there the body lies,  
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

*Fred.* Com let's devise how we may add more shame  
To the black scandal of his hated name.

*Ben.* First, on his head, in quitance of my wrongs  
Ile naile huge forked hornes, and let them hang  
Within the window where he yolk'd me first,  
That all the world may see my just revenge,

*Mart.* What shall we put his beard to?

*Ben.* we'll sell it to a Chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten  
Birchin Brooms I warrant you.

*Fred.* What shall his eyes do?

*Ben.* We'll pull out his eyes, and they shall serve for Buttons  
to his Lips, to keep his Tongue from catching cold,

*Mart.* An excellent policie: and now first having divided  
him, *Faust.* what shall the body doe?

*Ben.* The Devil's a live again.

*Fred.* Give him his head for heavens sake.

*Faust.* Nay keep it: *Faustus* will have heads and hands,  
I call your hearts to recompence this deed.  
Knew ye not Traytors I was limited  
For four and twentie years to breath on earth,

And

of Doctor *Faustus*.

And had you cut my body with your swords,  
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,  
Yet in a minute had my life return'd,  
And I had breath'd a man made free from harm.  
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?

*Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.*

*Enter Mephosto. and other Devils.*

Go horse these Traitors on your fiery backs,  
And mount aloft with them at high as heaven,  
Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:  
Yet stay the world shall see their misery,  
And hell shall after plague their treachery.  
Go *Belimoth*, and take this caitiff hence,  
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:  
Take thou this other, drag him thorough the woods,  
Among the pricking thornes and sharpest briers,  
Whilest with my gentle *Mephostophilis*,  
This Traitor flies unto some steepy rock,  
That rowling down, may break the villains bones,  
As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately

*Fred.* Pity us gentle *Faustus* save our lives.

*Faust.* Away.

*Fred.* He must needs go that the Devil drives.

*Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.*

*Enter the Ambush Souldiers.*

1. *Sould.* Come sirs prepare your selves in readinesse,  
Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,  
I heard them parly with the Conjuror.

2. *Sould.* See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slave.

*Faust.* whats here? an ambush to betray my life?

Then *Faustus* try thy skill: base Peasants stand;  
For loe the trees remove at my command,  
And stand as Bulwarks twixt your selves and me,  
To sheild me from your hatred treachery:  
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,  
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

## The Tragical History

*Faustus striketh the door, and enter a Diuel playing upon a drum, after him another bearing an Ensign: and diuers with weapons, Mephosphilis with fire-works; they set upon the Souldiers and drive them out.*

*Enter at several doors Bennolio, Fredricke, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt, having all horns on their heads.*

*Mart.* What ho, *Bennolio*?

*Ben.* Here, what *Fedrick*, ho?

*Fred.* O gentle friend, where is *Martino*?  
Half smotherd in a Lake of mud and dirt,  
through which the furies drag me by the heels.

*Fred.* *Martino* see,  
*Bennolio*'s horns again.

*Mart.* O misery, how now *Bennolio*?

*Benn.* Defend me heaven, shall I be haunted still?

*Mart.* Nay fear not man, we have no power to kill.

*Ben.* My friends transform'd thus: O hellish spite,  
Your heads are all set with horns.

*Fred.* You hit it right,  
It is your own you mean, feel on your head.

*Ben.* What hornes agen.

*Mart.* Nay chafe not man, we are all sped

*Ben.* What Devil attends this damn'd Magitian,  
That spight of spight, our wrongs are doubled?

*Fred.* What may we do that we may hide our shames?

*Ben.* If we should follow him to work revenge,  
Hee'd joyn long Asses ears to these huge horns,  
And make us laughing-stocks to all the World

*Mart.* What shall we then do, dear *Bennolio*?

*Ben.* I have a Castle joyning near these Woods,  
And thither weel repair, and live obscure,  
Till time shall alter these our Brutish shapes:  
Sith black disgrace hath thus ecclipt our fame?  
Weel rather dye with grief, than live with shame

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

o f Doctor *Fauftus*.

*Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courſer,  
and Mephoſtophilis.*

*Horſe.* I beſeech your Worſhip accept of theſe forty Dollers.

*Fauſt.* Friend ; thou canſt not buy ſo good a Horſe for ſo ſmall a price: I have no great need to ſell him but if thou likeſt him for ten Dollers more, take him, becauſe I ſee thou haſt a good minde to him.

*Horſe.* I beſeech you ſir accept of this ? I am a very poor man, and have loſt very much of late by Horſe fleſh and this bargain will ſet me up again.

*Fauſt.* Well I will not ſtand with thee, give me the money: now ſirra I muſt tell you, that you may ride him ore hedge, and ditch, and ſpare him not, but do you hear ? in any caſe ride him not into the water.

*Horſe.* How ſir, not into the water ? why will he not drink of all waters ?

*Fauſt.* Yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water : ore hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt : but not into the water ; go bid the Hoſtler deliver him unto you, and remember what I ſay.

*Horſe.* I warrant you ſir ; O joyful day, now am I a made man for ever.

*Exit.*

*Fauſt.* What art thou *Fauſtus*, but a man condemn'd to die ? Thy fatal time draws to a final end :

Diſpare doth drive diſtruſt into my thoughts.

Confound theſe paſſions with a quiet ſleep,

Then reſt thee *Fauſtus* quiet in conceit,

*He ſits to ſleep.*

*Enter the Horſe-courſer.*

*Horſe.* O what a coſening Doctor was this ? I riding my horſe into the water, thinking ſome hidden myſtery ha been in the horſe, I had nothing under me but a little ſtraw, and had much adoe to eſcape drowning ; Well Ile go ſole him and make him give me my forty Dollers again. ſo ſirra

## The Tragical History

Doctor, you cosening scab, Master Doctor awake and rise, and give me my mony again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Mr. Doctor. S<sup>o</sup> foot I think hee's rotten. *He pulls of his leg* Alas, I am undone, what shall I do? I have puld off his leg. *(leg*

*Faust.* O help, help, the villain has murderd me.

*Horse.* Murder or not murder, now he hath but one leg. Ile out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

*Faust.* Stop him, stop him, stop him——ha, ha, ha, *Fam. Fur.* hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of Hay for his forty Dollors,

*Enter Wagner.*

How now Wagner, what newes with thee?

*Wag.* If it please you the Duke of *Vanholt* doth earnestly intreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend with provision fit for your journie.

*Faust.* The Duke of *Vanholt's* an honourable Gentleman and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, Come away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clown, Dic, Horse-courser, and a Carrier.*

*Car.* Come my Masters, Ile bring you to the best beer in *Europe*, what ho, Hostesse: where be these whores?

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* How now, what lack you? What my old Guests? welcome.

*Clow.* Sirra *Dic*. dost know why I stand so mute?

*Dic.* No *Robin*, why is't?

*Clow.* I am eighteen pence on the score, but say nothing, see if she have forgotten me.

*Host.* Who is this that stands so solemnly by himself? What my old Guest?

*Clow.* O Hostess how do you? I hope my score stands still?

*Host.* I there's no doubt of that, for me thinks you make no halto wipe it out.

*Cl.* Why Hostess, I say fetch us some Beer

*Host.* You shall presently, looke up into the Hall there ho.

*Di.* Come sirs, what shall we do till mine Hostess comes.

*Car.*



of Doctor *Faustus*.

*Cart.* Marry sir, Ile tell you the bravest tale how a Conjur-  
ter serv'd me : you know Doctor *Faustus* ?

*Horse.* I, a pox take him, here's some on's have cause to  
know him ; did he conjure thee too ?

*Cart.* Ile tell you how he serv'd me : As I was going to *Wit-  
tenberge* t'other day with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked  
me what he should give me for as much Hay as he could eat ?  
now sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn bad him  
take as much as he would for three farthings ; so he presently  
gave me money, and fell to eating, and as I am a curst man, he  
never left eating, till he had eat up all my Load of Hay.

*All.* O monstrous, eat a whole load of Hay.

*Clow.* Yes, yes, that may be, for I have an Uncle that did  
eat a whole load of Logs.

*Horse.* Now sirs, you shall hear how villanously he serv'd me.  
I went to him yesterday to buy a Horse of him, and he would  
by no means sell him under fortie Dollers ; so sir, because I  
knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge & ditch,  
and never tire, I gave him his monie : so when I had my horse,  
Doctor *Faustus* bid me ride him night and day, and spare him  
not : but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water.  
Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare qualitie that  
he would not have me know of, what did I but ride him into  
a great River, and when I came just into the midst, my horse  
vanisht away, and I sate stradling upon a bottle of Hay.

*All.* O brave Doctor.

*Horse.* But you shall hear how bravelie I serv'd him for it ; I  
went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep ; I  
whoop'd and hollowed in his ears, but could not wake him ; I  
seeing that, took him by the legg, and never rested pulling, till  
I had pul'd his leg quite off and nowt's at home in my hostry.

*Clow.* And has the Doctor but one leg then ? that's excellent  
then, for one of his Divels turn'd me into the likeness of an  
Apes-face.

*Cart.* Some more drink Hostels.

*Dic.* Hostels, will you not give us a Song  
You sung us a fine Song  
When we were here last.

## The Tragical History

*Host.* Talk of Songs as soon as y' come into a house,  
Let's see what Guests you'l be first, you do not call  
For drink fast enough, I am a cup too low yet.

*Clow.* Where are you, Lick-spigot, fill us six Cans.

*Host.* I marry, I know you can call apase, but have  
You any money to pay for them.

*Clow.* O yes Hostels, money in both pockets.

*Enter boy  
with Beer.*

*Host.* Come then, give me a Can.

*Host.* Here's to you Hostels.

*Host.* I thank ye, what song shall I sing?

*Cart.* Good sweet Hostels sing my song.

*Host.* What's that?

*Cart.* The Chimney high.

*Dick.* No, no, a Swallows nest.

*(nest.*

*Host.* All you that will look for a Swallows nest, a Swallows  
Must look in the Chimney high.

*Dick.* Now pray Hostels Sing my song too.

*Host.* Prethee what is't?

*Dick.* You know, the song you sung when we were last here.

*Clow.* Now Hostels you know

*She sings again.*

I owe you eighteen pence.

*Host.* I know you do.

*Clow.* Sing me but one song more, and Ile give you  
Eighteen pence more for it, which is just five shillings.

*Host.* Three shillings you fool.

*Clow.* Why, three and five is all one to me.

*Cart.* Robin, Robin, you say you have monie in both  
Pockets, pay this reckoning, wee'l pay the next  
We paid for you last.

*Clow.* VVho I, Ile pay for none of you, I have none for  
my self.

*Host.* I thought so, you that cal'd and cal'd so fast,  
VVould shrink your head out of the collar at last,  
But I hope, as you brought us on, you'l bring us off.

*Clow.* I warrant you lads, let me alone to conjure her,  
Get me a piece of Chalk.

*Host.* VVhat to do.

*Clow.* Pish, let me a lone.

*She sings.*

*Host.*

of Doctor *Faustus*.

*Host.* Come now, where is my reckoning? (Can.)

*Clow.* Here, here *Hostess*, here, what's this, 11 Chalks a

*Host.* Two pence.

*Clow.* VVhat's this 1111.

*Host.* A Groat.

*Clow.* And this, c.

*Host.* Six pence.

*Clow.* And this, o.

*Host.* VVhy, a shilling.

*Clow.* And this, c.

*Host.* 'Tis six pence.

*Clow.* VVhat comes it all too.

*Host.* Three shillings.

*Clow.* Here take it *Hostess*, take it, ha, ha, ha.

*Cart.* O brave *Robin*, ha, ha, ha.

*Host.* I hope you don't mean to pay me thus,

VVhy this is but chalk.

*Clow.* Chalk and Cheefe is all one to us, for truly we

Have no monie *Landladie*, but wee'l pay you

Very honestly, when we come again.

*Exeunt.*

*Host.* Look you do,

VVell, I am deeply in my *Brewers* score,

But the best on't is, he durst as well be hang'd

As tell his wife.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Duchesse, Faustus,*  
*and Mephostophilis.*

*Duke.* Thanks Master Doctor for these pleasant fights,  
Nor know I how sufficiently to recompence your great  
Deserts, in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire:  
The sight whereof so delighteth me  
As nothing in the world could please me more.

*Faust.* I do think my self my good Lord, highly recompenced,  
in that it hath pleased your Grace to think but well of that  
which *Faustus* hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may be  
that you have taken no pleasure in those fights: therefore I  
pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to have, be

## The Tragical History

it in the World, it shall be yours : I have heard that great bel-  
lied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

*Lady.* True Master Doctor, and since I finde you so kind, I  
will make known unto you what my heart desires to have, and  
were it now Summer, as it is *January*, a dead time of the winter,  
I would request no better meat then a dish of ripe Grapes.

*Faust.* This is but a small matter : go *Mephostophilis*, away,  
*Exit Mepho.*

Madam, I will do more then this for your content.

*Enter Mephostophilis again with the Grapes.*

*Meph.* Here, now taste ye these, they should be good,  
For they came from a far Country, I can tell you,

*Duke.* This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that  
at this time of the year when every tree is barren of his fruit,  
from whence you had these Grapes.

*Faust.* Please it your Grace, the year is divided into two  
circles over the whole world, so that when it is winter with us,  
in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in *In-  
dia, Saba*, and such Countries that lye far *East*, where they  
have fruit twice a year. From whence by means of a swift spi-  
rit that I have, I had these Grapes brought as you see.

*La.* And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted

*The Clown bounceth at the gate within.*

*Duke.* VVhat rude disturber! have we at the gate.  
Go pacifie their furie, set it ope,  
And then demand of them what they would have.

*They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.*

*A servant.* Why how now Masters, what a coile is there?  
What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?

*Dic.* We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

*Ser.* VVhy saucy Varlets, dare you be so bold? (welcome

*Hos.* I hope sit, we have wit enough to be more bold then

*Ser.* It appears so, pray be more bold elsewhere.

And trouble not the Duke,

*Duke.* What would they have?

*Ser.* They all cry out to speak with Dr. *Faustus*

*Curr.*

of Doctor Faustus.

*Cart.* I, and we will speak with him.

*Duke.* Will you sir? Commit the Raskals

*Dick.* Commit with us, he were as good commit with his Father as commit with us.

*Faust.* I do beseech your Grace let them come in, They are good subjects to merriment.

*Duke.* Do as thou wilt *Faustins*, I give thee leave.

*Faust.* I thank your Grace.

*Enter the Clown, Dick, Carter and Horse-courser.*

Why how now my good friends? faith you are too outrageous But come near I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

*Clow.* Nay sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What ho, gives half a dozen of Beer here and be hang'd.

*Faust.* Nay hark you, can you tell where you are?

*Cart.* I marrie can I, we are under heaven.

*Ser.* I but sir sauce-box, know you in what place?

*Horse.* I, I, the house is good enough to drink in, come, fill us some Beer, or wee'l break all the barrells in the house, and dash out all your brains with the Bottles.

*Faust.* Be not so furious, come, you shall have Beer, My Lord, beseech you give me leave a while, Ile gage my credit, 'twill content your Grace.

*Duke.* With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy self, Our servants and our Court's at thy command,

*Fau.* I humbly thank your Grace; then fetch some Beer.

*Horse.* I marrie, there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile drink a health to thy wooden Leg for that word.

*Faust.* My wooden Leg? what dost thou mean by that?

*Cart.* Ha, ha, ha, dost hear him *Dick*, he has forgot his Leg.

*Horse.* I, I, he does not stand much upon that.

*Faust.* No faith, not much upon a wooden Leg.

*Car.* O that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship: do you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

*Faust.* Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

*Cart.* And how you bid him not ride him into the water.

*Faust.* Yes, I do very well remember that.

*Car.* And do you remember nothing of your Leg.

*Fau.* No in good sooth

## The Tragical History

*Faust.* Thank you sir.

*Car.* Tis not so much worth: I pray tell me one thing.

*Faust.* What's that?

*Car.* Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together?

*Faust.* Wouldst thou make a *Colossus* of me, that thou askst me such questions?

*Car.* No truly sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would fain know that.

*Enter Hostess with drink.*

*Faust.* Then I assure thee certainly they are.

*Car.* I thank you I am fully satisfied.

*Faust.* But wherefore dost thou aske?

*Car.* For nothing sir: but me think you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of'em.

*Horse.* Why do you hear sir, did I not pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

*Faust.* But I have it again now? look you here sir.

*Om.* How let's see!

*Horse.* Tothér leg.

*Clow.* Both together.

*All.* O horrible, had the Doctor three legs?

*Car.* Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat up my load of — — — hay a, a, a.

*Faustus charms him dumb.*

*Dick.* Do you remember how you made me were an Apes — — — fa, a, a, a.

*Horse.* You whorson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cosened me with a ho — — — ho, ho, ho.

*Clow.* Have you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your *Hey-pass* and *Re-pass*: do you remember the dogs fa — — — fa, fa, fa.

*Exeunt Clowes.*

*Host.* Who payes for the Ale? here you Mr. Doctor, now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my Ale — — —

*Exit Hostess.*

*Lady.* My Lord,  
We are much beholden to this learned man.

*Duke.* So are we Madam, which we will recompence.

*With*

of Doctor *Faustus*.

With all the love and kindness that we may.  
His artful sports drive all sad thoughts away.

*Exeunt.*

*Thunder and Lightning : Enter Devils with covered dishes : Mephistophilis leads them into Faustus study: then  
Enter Wagner.*

Act the Fifth.

*Wag.* I think my Master means to die shortly, he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coin'd : I wonder what he means; if death were nye, he would not fro-like thus : he's now at supper with the schollers; where ther's such belly-cheer as *Wagner* in his life never saw the like : and see where they come, belike the feast is ended. *Exit.*

*Enter Faustus, Mephistophilis, and two or three Schollers.*

1. *Sch. M.* Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference about fair Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with our selves that *Helen* of *Greece* was the admirablest Lady that ever liv'd : therefore *M. Doctor*, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of *Greece* whom all the world admires for Majesty, we should think our selves much beholding unto you.

*Fau.* Gentlemen for that I know your friendship is unsaind, It is not *Faustus* custome to deny  
The just request of those that wish him well ;  
You shall behold that peerless Dame of *Greece*,  
No otherwise for pompe or Majesty,  
Than when sir *Paris* crost the Seas with her,  
And brought the spoiles to rich *Dardania*.  
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

*Musick sound. Mephist. brings in, Hellen, she passeth  
over the stage.*

2. Was this faire *Hellen*, whose admired worth,



## The Tragical History

3. Too simple is my will to tell her worth,  
Whom all the World admires for Majesty.

1. Now we have seen the pride of Natures work,  
Wee'l take our leaves, and for this blessed sight,  
Happy and blest be *Faustus* evermore.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

*Faust.* Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you,

*Enter an old man.*

*Old man.* O Gentle *Faustus* leave this damned Art,  
This Magick that will charm thy soul to hell,  
And quite bereave thee of salvation.  
Though thou hast now offended like a man,  
Do not persevere in it like a Devil:  
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,  
If sin by custome grow not into nature,  
Then (*Faustus*) will repentance come to late,  
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heaven;  
No mortal can express the pains of hell.  
It may be this my exhortation  
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not,  
For gentle Son, I speak it not in wrath  
Or of envy to thee, but in tender love,  
And pity of thy future Misery.  
And so have hope, that this my kind rebuke,  
Checking thy body may amend thy soul

*Fau.* Where art thou *Faustus*? wretch, what hast thou done?

*Mephostophilis gives him a Dagger.*

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice,  
Saies *Faustus* come, thine hour is almost come,  
And *Faustus* now will come to do thee right.

*Old.* O stay good *Faustus*, stay thy desperate steps,  
Call for mercy, and avoid despaire, (soul.

*Faust.* O friend, I feel thy words to comfort my distressed  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

*Old.* *Faustus*, I leave thee but with grief of heart,  
Fearing the enemy of thy better part.

*Exit.*

*Faust.* Accursed *Faustus*, wretch what hast thou done?  
I do repent, and yet I do despaire,

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast: What

of Doctor *Faustus*.

What shall I do to shun the snare of death?

*Meph.* Thou Traitor *Faustus* I arrest thee  
For disobedience to my soveraigne Lord,  
Revolt, or Ile in peece-meale tear thy flesh.

*Faust.* I do repent I e're offended him,  
Sweat *Mephostophilis* intreat thy Lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption,  
And with my bloud again I will confirm  
The former vow I made to *Lucifer*.

*Meph.* Do it then *Faustus* with unfained heart,  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

*Faust.* Torment, sweet friend that base and aged man,  
That durst dissuade me from thy *Lucifer*,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Me.* His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,  
But what I can afflict his body with  
I will attempt: which is but little worth.

*Fa.* One t'ing good servant let me crave of thee,  
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,  
That I may have unto my Paramour,  
That heavenly *Hellen* which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare  
Those thoughts that do dissuad me from my vow,  
And keep my vow I made to *Lucifer*.

*Meph.* This or what else my *Faustus* shall desire,  
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

*Enter Hellen again, passing over between two Cupids.*

*Faust.* Was this the face that launcht a thousand Ships,  
And burnt the toples Towers of *Ilium*  
Sweet *Hellen* make me immortal with a kiss;  
Her lips suck forth my soul see where it flies,  
Come *Hellen*, come give me my soul again,  
Here will I dwell for Heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not *Helena*.  
I will be *Paris*, and for love of thee,  
Instead of *Troy* shall *Wittenberge* be sackt.

*kisses her.*

## The Tragical History

And I will combat with weak *Menelaus*,  
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,  
Yea I will wound *Achilis* in the heele,  
And then return to *Hellen* for a kiss.  
O thou art fairer than the Evenings Ayre,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starrs ;  
Brighter art thou then flaming *Jupiter* ,  
When he appeared to hapless *Semele*.  
More lovely then the Monarch of the skye ,  
In wanton *Arethusa's* azurd arms,  
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour.

*Exeunt.*

*Thunder.* Enter *Lucifer*, *Belzebub*, and  
*Mephistophilis*.

*Lucif.* Thus from infernal *Dis* do we ascend,  
Bringing with us the Deed

The time is come ; which makes it forfeit

*Meph.* And this gloomy night,  
Here in this Room will wretched *Faustus* be.

*Belz.* And here weel stay  
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

*Meph.* How should he, but in desperate lunacy ?  
Fond worldling now his heart-blood dries with greif ;  
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain  
Begets a world of idle fantasies  
To overreach the Diuel ; but all in vain,  
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.  
He and his servant *Wagner* are at hand,  
Both come from drawing *Faustus* latest Will,  
See where they come.

*Enter Faustus and Wagner.*

*Faust.* Say *Wagner*, thou hast perus'd my Will,  
How dost thou like it

of Doctor *Faustus*.

My life and lasting service for you love.

*Enter the Schollers.*

*Faust.* Gramarcy *VVagner*,  
Welcome, Gentlemen.

1. Novv vvorthy *Faustus*, me thinks your looks are chang'd

*Faust.* Oh Gentlemen.

2. What ayles *Faustus*?

*Fau.* Ah my sweet Chamber-fellovv, had I liv'd vvith thee,  
Then had I lived still, but novv must die eternally,  
Look sirs comes he not, comes he not?

1. O my dear *Faustus*, what imports this fear

2. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy

3. He is not well with being over solitary.

2. If it be so, weel have Physitians, and *Faustus* shall be  
cur'd. —

3. Tis but a surfeit fear nothing

*Faust.* A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath undone me

2. Yet *Faustus* look up to heaven and remember mercy is  
infinite.

*Faust.* But *Faustus* offence can nere be pardoned:

O Gentlemen hear me with patience and tremble not at my  
speeches, though my heart pant and quiver to remember that  
I have been a Student here these 30 years. O would I had  
never seen *Wittenberge*, never read book, and what wonders I  
have done, all *Germany* can witness; yea all the world: for  
which, *Faustus* hath lost both *Germany*, and the world, yea  
Heaven it self; and must remain in Hell for ever. Hell, O  
Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of *Faustus* be-  
ing in Hell for ever?

2. Yet *Faustus* call on Heaven.

*Faust.* Whom *Faustus* hath abjur'd? whom *Faustus* hath  
blasphem'd? I would weep, but the Diel draws in my teares,  
Gush forth blood instead of tears, Oh he staves my tongue:  
I would lift up my hands, but see they hold'em, they  
hold'em,

*All.* Who *Faustus*?

*Faust.* Why *Lucifer* and *Mephostophilis*, O Gentlemen,

## The Tragical History

I gave them my soul for my cunning.

*All.* Heaven forbid.

*Faw.* Heaven forbid it indeed, but *Faustus* hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years, hath *Faustus* lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a Bill with mine own blood, the date is expired: this is the time and he will fetch me.

1. Why did not *Faustus* tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee.

*Faust.* Oft have I thought to have done so: but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I nam'd Heaven; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave eare to Divinity; and now it is too late, Gentlemen away, least you perish with me.

2. O what may we doe to save *Faustus*?

*Faust.* Talke not of me, but save your selves and depart.

3. God will strenthen me, I will stay with *Faustus*?

1. Tempt not God sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

*Faust.* I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me:

2. Pray thou and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Faust.* Gentlemen farewell: if I live till morning, Ile visite you; if not *Faustus* is gone to Hell.

*All.* *Faustus* farewell.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

*Meph.* I *Faustus* now thou hast no hopes of Heaven,  
Therefore despair, think only upon Hell,  
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

*Faust.* O thou bewitching Feind I 'twas thy temptation,  
Hath rob'd me of eternal hapiness.

*Meph.* I do confels it *Faustus*, and rejoyce.

'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to heaven,  
Damn'd up thy passage, when thou took'st the book,  
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,  
And led thine eye.

What weep'st thou tis to late; despaire. Farewell.

Fools

## The Tragical History

Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in Hell.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Good Angel, and the Bad at several doors.*

*Good.* O *Faustus*, if thou hadst given care to me,  
Innurable joyes had followed thee  
But thou didst love the World.

*Bad.* Gave ear to me,  
And now must tast Hell pains perpetually.

*Good.* O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,  
Availe thee now?

*Bad.* Nothing but vex thee more,  
To want in Hell, that had on earth such store.

*Musick while Throne descends.*

*Good.* O thou hast lost celestial hapinels,  
Plasures unspeakable,  
Hadst thou affected sweet Divinity,  
Hell or the Devil had no dower on thee:  
Hadst thou kept on that way, *Faustus* behold,  
In what resplendant glory thou hadst sit  
In yonder Throne, like those bright shining Saints;  
And triumph over Hell: that hast thou lost,  
And now (poor soul) must thy good Angel leave thee,  
The jaws of Hell is ready to receive thee.

*Exit.*

*Hell is discovered.*

*Bad.* Now *Faustus* let thine eyes with horror stare  
Into that vast perpetual torture house:  
There are the Furies tossing damned souls,  
On burning forks, their bodies boyle in lead  
There are live quarters broyling on the Coles  
That ne're can dye: this over-burning Chair,  
Is for or'e tortur'd souls to rest them in.  
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire.

of Doctor Faustus.

Where gluttons, that lov'd only delicacies:  
And laugh to see the poor starve at their gates:  
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see  
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

*Faust.* O I have seen enough to torture me.

*Bad.* Nay thou must feel them, taste the smart of all,  
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall;  
And so I leave thee *Faustus* till anon,  
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

*Exit,*

*The Clock strikes Eleven.*

*Faust.* O *Faustus*.

Now hast thou but one hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.  
Stand still, you ever moving Spheres of Heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come,  
Fair natures eye, rise, rise again and make  
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,  
A moneth, a week, a natural day,  
That *Faustus* may repent and save his soul.

*O lente, lente, currite nistis equi.*

The Stars move still, time runs, the Clock will strike,

The Devil will come, and *Faustus* must be lost.

O he leap up to Heaven, who pulls me down?

Yet will I call on it; O spare me

Where is it now? tis gone.

Mountains and Hills come, come and fall on me.

And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven.

No; then will I headlong run into the earth:

Gape earth: O no, it will not harbour me.

You Stars that rain'd at my Nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and Hell,

Now draw up *Faustus* like a foggy mist

Into the entrails of your labouring clouds,

That when you vomit forth into the Air,

My Limbs may issue from your snake-like mouths,

But let my soul mount, and ascend to Heaven.



## The Tragical History

### *The Watch strikes*

O half the hour is past 'twill all be past anon,  
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,  
Impede some end to my incessant pain;  
Let *Faustus* live in Hell a thousand years,  
A hundred thousand and at the last be sav'd:  
No end is limited to damn'd souls.  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?  
Oh *Pythagoras*, *Metempsychosis*, were that true,  
This soul should flye from me, & Ile be chang'd  
Into some brutish beast.  
All beasts are happy, for when they dye,  
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in Elements;  
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell,  
Cuffe be the Parents that ingendred me:  
No *Faustus*, curse thy self, curse *Lucifer*,  
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

### *The Clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes, it strikes, now body turn to aire,  
Or *Lucifer* will bear the quick to Hell.  
O soul be chang'd into small water drops,  
And fall into the Ocean here be found.

### *Thunder and enter the Devils.*

O Mercy heaven, look not so fierce on me,  
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while;  
Ugly Hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,  
Ile burn my books: Oh *Mephistophilis*

### *Enter Schallers.*

1. Come Gentlemen, let us go visit *Faustus*,  
For such a dreadful night was never seen,  
Since first the worlds creation did begin.  
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;

of Doctor Feltus. It

May heaven the Doctor have escape the danger.

2. O help us heavens, for here are *frail* limbs,  
All torn a-flunder by the hand of death.

3. The Devil whom *Faust* lov'd hath torn him thence. O  
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought I saw him  
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help, and as he said  
At which same time the light faded from his face, it being  
With dreadful horror of these damned spirits, his

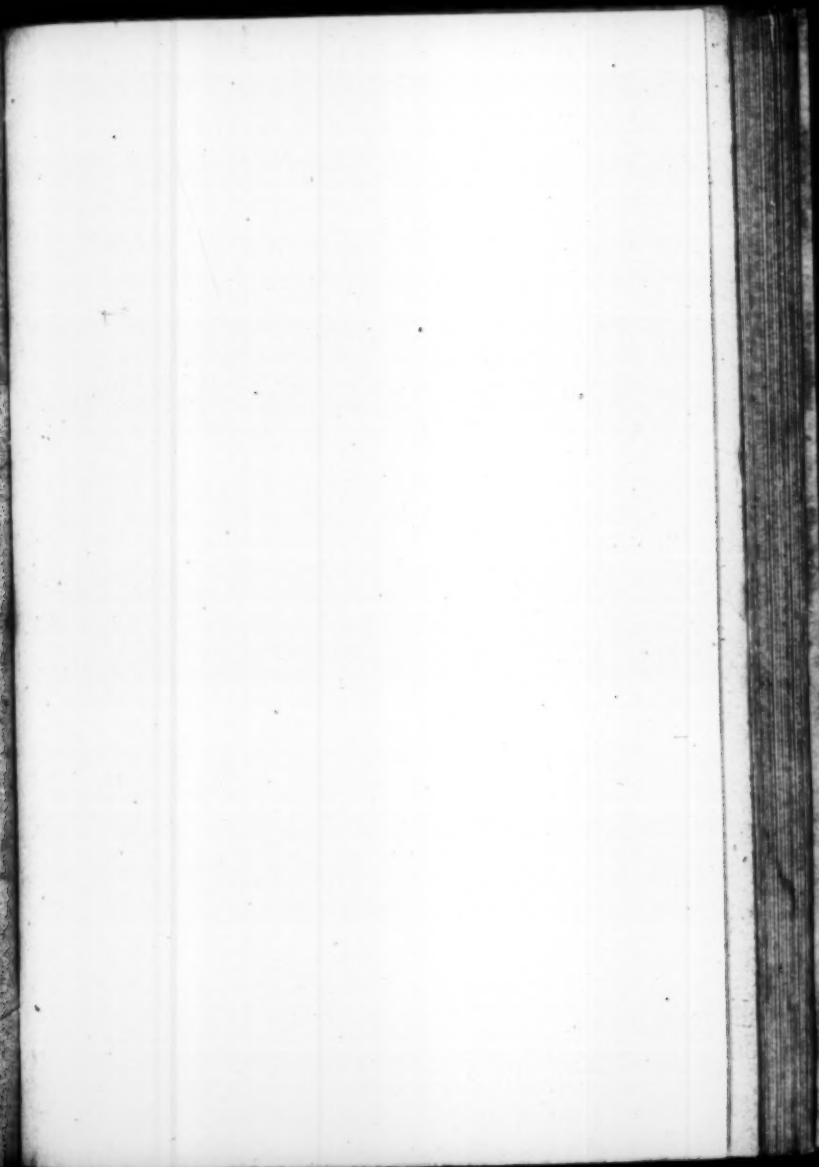
2. Well Gentlemen though I suffer and be full, how yet  
As every Christian heart laments to think on him that such a NO  
Yet for he was a Scholar once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in our German Schools  
Wee'll give his mangled limbs due burial  
And all the Students cloath'd in mourning black  
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral

Cut is the branch that ought have grown full straight,  
And burned is *Apollon's* laurel bough.

That sometime grew within this learned man:  
 Faith he is gone, regard his Hellish fall,  
 Whose fatal fortune may exhort the vile  
 Onely to wonder at unlawful things,  
 Whose deepness doth intice such forward wife  
 To profane more than heavenly power permits.

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FINIS



# The Tragical History Of the LIFE and DEATH of Doctor Faustus.

Printed with New Additions as it is now Acted. With several  
New Scenes, together with the Actors Names.

Written by C. H. M. A. R.



Printed for W. Galt, at the Bible and...

# The ACTORS Names.

**F** Austus.

Mephistophilis.

Good Angell.

Bad Angell.

Three Scholars.

Seven Deadly Sinners.

Lucifer, Belzebub, three Devils more.

Duke and Dutches of Saxonia.

Emperour of Germany.

Frederick.

Messias. } Three Gentlemen.

Benvolio.

Solomane the Emperour and Empery.

Musapher. } Two Bashawes.

Galeph.

Robin the Clowne.

Dick an Hostler.

Carter.

Horse-courser.

Hosie.

Majestie.



The

# THE TRAGEDY OF Doctor Faustus.

*Enter Chorus.*

**N**ot marching in the fields of *Therfimen*,  
Where Mars did mate the warlike *Caribagen*,  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,  
In Courts of Kings, where state is over-turn'd:  
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,  
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:  
Only this (Gentles) we must now performe,  
The form of *Faustus* fortunes, good or bad:  
And now to patient judgements we appeale,  
And speak for *Faustus* in his Infancy.  
Now is he born of parents base of stock,  
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes,  
As ripen years to *Wittenberge* he wens,  
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.  
So much he profits in divinity,  
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,  
Excelling all, and sweetly doo dispute  
In th' heavenly matters of Theology:  
Till swolne with cunning, and a self conceits,  
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
And melting, heavens became his overthrow:  
For falling to a Devillish exercise,  
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,  
He surfeits on the curst Necromancy.

A 2

Nothing

# The Tragical History

Nothing so sweet, as Magick is to him,  
Which he prefers before his chiefeſt blis,  
And this the man that in his study sits.

*Faustus in his study.*  
**Faust.** Settle thy studies *Faustus* and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess,  
Having commended by a divine in shew,  
Yes level at the end of every Art,  
And live and die in *Aristotles* works.  
Sweet *Anaxagoras*, 'tis thou hast ravish't me,  
*Democritus est finis Logices.*  
Is to dispute well logikes chiefeſt end?  
Affords this Art no greater miracle?  
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end.  
A greater subject fitteth *Faustus* wit:  
Bid *Orconomy* farewell, and *Galen* come,  
Be a Physician *Faustus*, heap up gold,  
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:  
*Summum bonum medicinae sanitas.*  
The end of Physick is our bodies health:  
Why *Faustus* hast thou not attain'd that end?  
Are not thy Bills hung up as monuments,  
Whereby whole Cities have escap'd the plague,  
And divers desperate maladies been cur'd?  
Yet art thou still but *Faustus*, and a man.  
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,  
Or being dead raise men to life againe,  
Then this profession were to be esteem'd?  
Physick farewell where's *Justinian*?  
*Si una eademque res legatur duobus.*  
*Aliarum rem. alter valem rei, &c.*  
A penny case of paltry legacies,  
*Exhereditarij filium non potest Pater, nisi &c.*  
Such is the subject of the Institute,  
And universal body of the law.  
This study fits a mercenary drudge,  
Whymes at nothing but eternal trash,  
Too servile and illiberal for me.

When



When all is done Divinity is best :

*Jerome's Bible Faustus view it well :*

*Stipendium peccati mors est, ha ? Stipendium, &c.*

The reward of sin is death ? that's hard,

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, nulla est in nobis veritas :*

If we say we have no sinne,

W<sup>e</sup> deceive our selves, and there is no truth in us,

W<sup>h</sup>y then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

I, we must die an everlasting death :

W<sup>h</sup>at doctrine call you this ? *Che sera, sera :*

W<sup>h</sup>at shall be, shall be : Divinity adieu.

These Metaphysicks of Magicians,

And negromantick books are heavenly,

Lines, circles, leeters, Characters :

I, these are those that *Faustus* most desires,

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence

Is promis'd to the studious Artizan,

All things that move between the quiet poles,

Shall be at my command : Emperors and Kings

Are but obey'd in their severall Provinces :

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :

A sound Magician is a Demi-god,

Here throw my brains to get a Deity,

*Enter Wag.*

*Wag* commend me to my dearest friends,

The Germane *Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

Request them earnestly to visit me.

*Wag.* I will fir.

*Exit.*

*Faust.* Their conference will be a greater help to me,

Than all my labours, plod I nere so fast,

*Enter the Angel and Spirit.*

*Good Ang.* O *Faustus* lay that damned book aside,

And gaze not on it, least it tempt thy heart to blasphemy,

*Bad Ang.* Go forward *Faustus* in that famous Art

W<sup>h</sup>erein,

# THE MAGICAL HISTORY

Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd :

Be thou on earth as *Jove* is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these Elements. *Exit Ang.*

*Enst.* How am I glutted with conceits of this?

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?

Resolve me of all ambiguities?

Perform what desperate enterprises I will?

I'll have them flye to *India* for Gold,

Ransack the Ocean for Orient Pearl,

And search all corners of the new found world

For pleasant fruits, and princely delicats.

I'll have them read me strange Philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all forraign Kingdoms:

I'll have them wall all *Germany* with Brasse,

And with swift *Rhine* circle all *Wittenberg*:

I'll have them fill the publick Schools with skill,

Wherewith the Students shall be bravely clad,

I'll levy Souldiers with the coyn they bring,

And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land,

And reign sole King of all the Provinces:

Yea stranger Engines for the brunt of war,

Than was the fiery keel at *Antwerpe* bridge,

I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Come *Germane Valdes* and *Cornelius*,

And make me wise with your sage conference.

*Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius,*

Know that your words have won me at the last,

To practise magick and concealed Arts,

Philosophy is odious and obscure:

Both law and phylick are for petty wits,

'Tis Magick, Magick that hath ravish'd me,

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,

And I that have with subtile Syllogismes

Gravel'd the pastors of the *Germane* Church,

And made the flowring pride of *Wittenberge*

Swarme to my Problemes, as th' infernal spirits

On sweet *Museus* when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was,

*Enter Valdes  
and Cornel.*

Whose

# OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Whose shadow made all *Europe* honour him,

*Val, Faustus*. These books thy wit; and our experience,  
Shall make all nations canonize us.

As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords :

So shall the spirits of every element,

Be alwaies serviceable to us three :

Like Lyons shall they guard us when we pleas;

Like Almain Rusters with their horsemen's flaves,

Or Lopland Giants trotting by our sides.

Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,

Shawdoing more beauty in their Airie brow,

Than have the white breasts of the Queen of love,

From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,

And from *America* the golden Fleece,

That yearly stuffs old *Philips* treasury;

If learned *Faustus* will be resolute.

*Faust. Valdes*. As resolute am I in this;

As thou to live : therefore object it not.

*Corn.* The miracles that Magick will perform,

Will make thee vow to study nothing else,

He that is grounded in Astrology,

Inricht with tongues, well seen in Minerals,

Hath all the Principles Magick doth require :

Then doubt not *Faustus* but to be renown'd,

And more frequented for this mystery,

Than heretofore the *Delphian* Oracle.

The spirites tell me they can dry the Sea,

And fetch the treasure of all forrain wreckes :

Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,

Within the massie intrals of the earth :

Then tell me *Faustus* what shall we three want.

*Faust.* Nothing *Cornelius*; O this cheers my soul.

Come, shew me some demonstrations Magical,

that I may conjure in some bushy grove,

And have these Joyes in full possession.

*Vald.* Then hast thee to some solitary grove,

And bear with *Bacons* and *Albanns* works,

The Hebrew Psalter, and new testaments,

And

# The Tragical History

And whatsoever else be requisite,

We will informe thee ere our conference cease,

*Cor. Valdes.* First let him know the words of Art,

And then all other ceremonies learn'd,

*Faustus* may try his cunning by himself,

*Val.* First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments;

And then will thou be perfecter then I.

*Faust.* Then come and dine with me, and after meat,

We'll cannale every quiddity thereof;

For ere I sleep I leery what I can doe,

This night I'll conjure though I die therefore,

*Exiunt omnes.*

*Enter two Schollers.*

*1 Sch.* I wonder what's become of *Faustus*; that was wont to make our Schooles ring with his prate.

*Enter Wag.*

*2 Sch.* That shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

*1 Sch.* How now firrah, where's thy Master?

*Wag.* God in heauen knowes.

*2 Sch.* Why, dost not thou know then?

*Wag.* Yes I know but that follows not.

*1 Sch.* (To the firrah, leave your Jesting, and tell where he is.

*Wag.* That follows, nor by force of argument, which you

being *Logicians* should stand upon, therefore acknowledge

your error, and be attentive.

*2 Sch.* Then you will not tell us?

*Wag.* You are deceiv'd, for I will tell you: yet if you were

not dunces, you would never ask me such a question. For is

he not *Corpus naturale*, and is not that *mobile*? then where-

fore should you ask me such a question? but this I am by na-

ture beguistical, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to see

I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of

the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you

both hanged the next Session. Thus having triumphed over

you, I will see my countenance like a *Smock*, and haply

re-speak thus: truly my dear *Schollers*, my Master is

within at dinner with *Falderand*, *Cornelius*, and the Wife; if it

could speak would reform your worships: and so the Lord

*Exit.*

bleſſe you, preſerve you, and keep you my dear brethren, Good T  
Exit.

1 Seb. O Faustus then I fear the which I have long suspected,  
That thou art fallen into the damned art,  
For which they two are infamous, throw the world.

a Sob. VVere he a stranger n<sup>e</sup> allied come  
the danger of his soul would make me mourn :  
But come let us go, and Inform the Rector,  
It may be his grave counsell may reclaim

**1 Sub.** I fear me nothing will redress him now.

**As Sch. Yet let us see what we can do. EXHIBIT.**

Thunder, Roger Langer, and four Devils, Gauchos to  
aborn with the pack.

*Faust.* Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view *Orion's* drilling look,  
Leaps from the Antarctic world unto the sky,  
And dims the *Wolfe's* with his gleamy branch,  
*Faustus* begin chime Incantations,  
And try! Devils will obey thy Word,  
Seeing thou hast prais'd and sacrific'd to them.  
VVithin this circle is the name of all internal spirits,  
And Characters of Signs and crying Stars,  
By which the spirits are forc'd to rise:  
Then fear not *Faust*, to be resolute,  
And try the utmost Magick can perform.

[illegible]

## Key Findings

**I charge thee to return and change thy life.**

**Then**

# The Magick Mystery

Thou art too ugly to attend on me :  
Go and return an old Franciscan Friar  
That holy shape becomes a Devil best.  
I see there's vertue in my heavenly words,  
Who would not be profane in this Art  
How playnt is this *Mephistophil* ?  
Full of obedience and humilitey,  
Such is the force of Magick and my spells.

*Enter Mephistophil*

*Meph.* Now *Faustus* what wouldst thou have me doe ?  
*Faust.* I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,  
To do what ever *Faustus* shall command.

Be it to make the Moon drop from her Sphaere,  
Or the Ocean to overwhelm the world.

*Meph.* I am a servant to great *Lucifer*,  
And may not follow thee without his leave :  
No more than he commands must we perform.

*Faust.* Did not he charge thee to appear to me ?

*Meph.* No, I came hither of mine own accord.

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring raise thee ?

*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet per accidens.

For when we hear one swear,

We flye, in hope to get him :

Nor will we come unless he use such means,

Whereby he is in danger to be lost.

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abuse all godlinesse,

And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Thou shalt see how easily done, and how this principle,

There is no evil but what is good :

To whom *Faustus* doth direct himself,

This word being lost, will not me,

But leaving these vain trifles,

Tell me, what is that *Lucifer*, thy Lord ?

*Meph.* Arch-regent and Commander of Spirits.

*Faust.* Was not that *Lucifer* an Angel once ?

2011

*Meph.*

# OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

*Meph.* Yes *Faustus*.

*Faust.* How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

*Meph.* O, by aspiring pride and insolence,  
For which he was thrown from the face of Heaven.

*Faust.* And what are you that live with *Lucifer*?

*Meph.* Unhappy spirits that live with *Lucifer*,  
Conspir'd against heaven with *Lucifer*,  
And are for ever lost with *Lucifer*.

*Faust.* VVhat are you damned in?

*Meph.* In hell.

*Faust.* How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

*Meph.* VVhy this is Hell, nor am I out of it.

Thinkst thou that I, that,  
Tasted the eternal joyes of Heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,  
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O *Faustus* leave these frivolous demands,  
VVhich strike a terror to my fainting heart.

*Faust.* VVhat is great *Mephistophilis* so passionate?

For being deprived of the joyes of heaven  
Learn thou of *Faustus* manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joyes thou never wilt possess.

Go hear these dialogs to great *Lucifer*;

Seeing *Faustus* hath incur'd eternal death,

By desperate thoughts against *Gods* Delay,

Say he surrenders up to him his self,

So he will spare him four and twenty years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness,

Having thee ever to attend on me,

To give thee whatsoever I shall ask,

To sell me whatsoever I demand:

To say mine enemies, and to aid my friends,

And at all times be obedient to my will,

Go and return to mighty *Lucifer*,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy masters mind.

*Meph.* I will *Faustus*.

*Faust.* That's many souls as were before,

I'd give them all for *Mephistophilis*.



*The Young Man's Story*  
y<sup>e</sup> him I'll be great Emperour of the world,  
And make a bridge thorow the moving Air,  
To passe the Ocean with a band of men;  
I'll joyn the hills that bind the Africk shore,  
And make that countrey continent to Spain,  
And both contributory to my Crown;  
The Emperour shall not live but by my leave,  
Nor any potentate of Germany.  
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,  
I'll live in speculation of this Art,  
Till *Mephistophilis* returne again.

*Exit.*

*Enter Wagner and the Clowne.*

*Wag.* Come hither sirrah boy.

*Cl.* Boy, O disgrace to my person: a boy in your face, you have seen many boyes with beards: I am sure.

*Wag.* Hast thou no comings in?

*Cl.* And goings out too, you may see sir.

*Wag.* Alas poor slave, see how poverty is in his nakedness: I know the willaies out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the Devil for a shoulder of Mutton, though it were blood raw.

*Cl.* Not so neither, I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear: I can tell you.

*Wag.* Sirrah, wilt thou be my man and wait on me? and I will make thee go, like *Qui mihi discipulus*.

*Cl.* What in verse?

*Wag.* No slave in beaten silk, and flaves-aker.

*Cl.* Staves-aker? that's good to kill vermin: then belike if I serve you I shall be housewife.

*Wag.* Why so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no: for sirrah, if thou dost presently bind thy self to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into samillons and make them tear thee in pieces.

*Cl.* Nay sir you may spare your selfe a labour: for they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drink: I can tell you.

# VIOLENT DOCTOR FUSCUS.

*Wag.* Well firra, kisse your jelling, and take these goulders.

*Clo.* Yes marry fir, and I thank you too.

*Wag.* So, now thou art to be at an hours warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

*Clo.* Here take your goulders again, I'll none of 'em.

*Wag.* Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy self, for I will presently raise up two Devils to carry thee away, *Belecher, Belecher.*

*Clo.* *Belecher, and Belecher* come here, I'll belch him i. I am not afraid of a Devil.

*Wag.* How now fir, will you serve me now?

*Clo.* I good *Wagner*, take away the Devil then.

*Wag.* Spirit is away, now firrah follow me.

*Clo.* I will fir, but heark you master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

*Wag.* I firra, I'll teach thee to turn thy self to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

*Clo.* A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat? O brave *Wagner*.

*Wag.* Villaine, call me Master *Wagner*, and for that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always Diametrically fixt upon my left heel, that thou maist, *Quasi vestigia nostras insistere.*

*Clo.* Well fir, I warrant you.

## ACT. II.

*Enter Faustus in his Study.*

*Faust.* Now *Faustus* must thou needs be lost.

Canst thou not be say'd?

What boot's it then to think on Heaven?

Away with such vain fancies and despair,

Despair in heaven and grief in *Belecher*,

Now gonot back *Faustus*, be resolute,

Waverst thou? O something soundeth in mine ear,

Above this Magick heaven and vault.

*Enter*

# The Tragical History

*Enter the two Angels.*

*Evil Ang.* Go forward *Faustus* in that most famous Art,

*Good Ang.* Sweet *Faustus* leave that execrable Art,

*Faust.* Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, what be these?

*Good Ang.* O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven,

*Evil Ang.* Rather illusions, fruits of fantasy,

That make men foolish that do use them most.

*Good Ang.* Sweet *Faustus* think of heaven & heavenly things.

*Bad A.* No *Faustus*, think of honor & of wealth; *Evil Ang.*

*Faust.* Wealth: why the signory of *Emperors* shall be mine;

When *Metaphosphilis* shall stand by me.

What power can hurt me? *Faustus* thou art safe.

Call no more doubts, *Metaphosphilis* come,

And bring glad tidings from great *Lucifer*.

'Tis not midnight: come *Metaphosphilis*,

Veni, Veni, *Metaphosphilis*.

*Enter Meph.*

Now tell me, what saith *Lucifer* thy Lord?

*Meph.* That I shall wait on *Faustus* whilst he lives,

So thou wilt buy his service with thy blood.

*Faust.* Already *Faustus* hath hazarded that for thee.

*Meph.* But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a deed of Gift with it.

For that security craves *Lucifer*.

If thou deny it I must tack to Hell.

*Faust.* Stay *Metaphosphilis*, and tell me

What good will that do thy Lord?

*Meph.* Enlarge his Kingdom.

*Faust.* Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

*Meph.* Solace miserie, soles habitude.

*Faust.* Why, have you any pain that tortures others?

*Meph.* As great as have the humane spirits of men.

But tell me *Faustus* shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave and wait on thee.

And give thee more then thou hast wit to use.

*Faust.* I *Metaphosphilis*, I'll give it him.

*Meph.* Then *Faustus* sign thine arm courageously,

*And*

And blind thy soul that at some certain day  
Great Lucifer may claim least his own  
Then be thou as great as Lucifer

*Faust.* Lo *Meph.* for love of thee *Faust* hath cut his arme,  
And with his ever blood assure himself to be great *Lucifers*  
Chief Lieutenant, regent of perpetual night  
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for thy will.

*Meph.* But *Faust*,  
Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

*Faust.* I fo I doe; but *Mephistophilis*  
My blood conjeales and I can write no more.

*Meph.* I'll fetch thee tea to dissolve it straight.

*Faust.* What might the staying of my blood portend  
It is unwilling I should write the bill.

Why streams it not that I may write a feild?

*Faust* gives to thee his soul: O there is said.

Why shouldst thou not? It is not thine own.

Then write again: *Faust* gives to thee his.

*Enter Mephistophilis with the Tapers of fire.*

*Meph.* See *Faust* burns in fire, yet is not

*Faust.* So now the blood begins to clear again.

Now will I make an end immediately.

*Meph.* What will I not do so obsequious to thee?

*Faust.* Consummation est: this bill is signed.

And *Faust* hath bequeath'd himself to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine Arme?

*Homo fuge, whether shall I fly?*

If unto heaven bet I throw me down so hell.

My senses are destroy'd, here's nothing write.

O yes, I see it plain, even here it write.

*Homo fuge, you shall not *Faust* fly.*

*Meph.* I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind, *Exit.*

# THE TRAGICHOMIE

*Eater Devils giving Crownes and rich apparall to*

*Faustus: they dance and then depart.*

*Enter Mephistophilis.*

*Faust. VVhat means this show? Speak Mephistophilis.*

*Meph. Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy mind,  
And let thee see what magick can perform.*

*Faust. But may I call such spirits when I please?*

*Meph. I Faustus, and do greater things than these.*

*Faust. Then Mephistophilis receive I charge  
this deed of gift;*

*But yet conditionally, that thou perform*

*All Covenants and Articles between us both.*

*Meph. Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer,  
To effect all promises between us both.*

*Meph. Faustus Then hear me read it Mephistophilis,  
On these conditions following.*

*First, That Faustus may be a spirit in forme and substance.*

*Secondly, That Mephistophilis shall be his servant and be by  
him commanded.*

*Thirdly, That Mephistophilis shall be for him, and bring him  
whatsoever he requirerh.*

*Fourthly, That he shall be his servant when he desireth.*

*Lastly, That he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all times,  
in what shape and form he shall be thought.*

*I John Faustus of VVirtemberg, Doctor by these presents doe  
give my selfe to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his Minister Mepho-  
stophilis, and furthermore grant unto them that four and twenty  
years being expired, and these Articles shall be written being  
date, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus by land  
and blood into their habitation wherefore.*

*By me John Faustus.*

*Meph. Speak Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed.*

*Faust. I take it, and the devil give good of it.*

*Meph. So now Faustus what thou wilt.*

*Faust.*

*Faust.* First, I will question thee about Hell.  
Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?

*Meph.* Under the Heavens.

*Faust.* I so are all things else: but whereabouts?

*Meph.* Within the bowels of these Elements,  
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self-place: but where we are in hell,

And where hell is there must we ever be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

*Faust.* I think hell's a meer fable.

*Meph.* I, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

*Faust.* Why dost thou think that *Faustus* shall be lost?

*Meph.* I of necessity, for here's the scrowle  
In which thou hast given thy spirit to Lucifer.

*Faust.* I, and body, and what of that?

Think'st thou that *Faustus* is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any pain?

No, these are trifles, and meer old wives tales.

*Meph.* But I am an instance to prove the contrary:

For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in Hell.

*Faust.* Nay and this be hell, I le willingly be damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?

But leaving this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Ger-  
many, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live with-  
out a wife.

*Meph.* Well *Faustus*, thou shalt have a wife.

*He fetches in a Woman Devil.*

*Faust.* What sight is this?

*Meph.* Now *Faustus* wilt thou have a wife?

*Faust.* Here's a ho's whore indeed: no, I'll no wife:

*Meph.* Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lovest me think no more of it:

I'll cull thee out the fairest *Cortezans*,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

# The Tragick History

She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall have:  
 Were she as chaste as were *Penelope*,  
 As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful  
 As was bright *Lucifer* before his fall.  
 Here, take this book and peruse it well:  
 The iterating of these lines brings gold.  
 The framing of this circle on the ground  
 Brings Thunder, Whirlwinds, storme and Lightning,  
 Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy self,  
 And men in harness shall appear to thee,  
 Ready to execute what thou commandst.

*Faust.* Thanks *Mephistophilis* for this sweet book:  
 This will I keep as chary as my life. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Wagner solus.*

*Wag.* Learned *Faustus*,  
 To know the secrets of Astronomy,  
 Graven in the book of *Joves* high firmament,  
 Did mount himself to scale *Olympus* top,  
 Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,  
 Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons backs,  
 He now is gone to prove *Cosmography*,  
 And as I guesse will first arrive at *Rome*,  
 To see the Pope and manner of his Court:  
 And take some part of holy *Peters* feast,  
 That on this day is solemnized. *Ex. Wagner.*

*Enter Faustus in his study and Mephistophilis.*

*Faust.* When I behold the heavens, then I repent,  
 And curse the wicked *Mephistophilis*,  
 Because thou hast deprived me of these joys.  
*Meph.* 'Twas thy own seeking *Faustus*, thank thy self  
 But thinkst thou heaven such a glorious thing?

I tell



*I tell thee Faustus it is not half so fair*  
*As thou or any man that breaths on earth,*  
*Faust. How proud'st thou that?*  
*Meph. 'Twas made for man, then hee's more excellent.*  
*Faust. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:*  
*I will renounce this magick and repent.*

*Enter the two Angels.*

*Good An. Faustus repent, yet heaven will pity thee.*  
*Bad An. Thou art a spirit, it cannot pity thee.*  
*Faust. VWho buzeth in mine ears, I am a Spirit?*  
*Be I a Devil, yet heaven may pity me;*  
*Yea it will pity me if I repent.*

*Bad An. I, but Faustus never shall repent.*  
*Exit An.*

*Faust. My heart is hardned, I cannot repent.*  
*Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven:*  
*Swords, poysons, halters, and lavenom'd steel,*  
*Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:*  
*And long ere this I should have done the deed,*  
*Had not sweet pleasure counterwaid deep despair.*  
*Have I not made blind Hecate sing to me*  
*Of Asinanders love, and Omphals death?*  
*And have not he that built the wales of Tyber,*  
*With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,*  
*Made magick with my Aspidochelone?*  
*VWhy should I die then, or basely despair?*  
*I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent.*

*Come Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,*  
*And reason of divine Astrology,*  
*Speake this thou many Specters above the Moon,*  
*Are all Celestial bodies but one Globe,*  
*As is the substance of this Centrick Earth?*

*Meph. As weele Elements such are the Heavens,*  
*Even from the Moon unto the Emperial Orb,*

**The Tragedy**  
Mutually folded in each others Spheres, at which each Hill  
And jointly move upon one axle-tree, drawn by the north star  
Whose termine is termed the worlds wide Pole.  
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars or Jupiter,  
Fain'd, but are evening stars.

**Faust.** But have they all one motion both *in et tempore*?  
**Meph.** All move from East to West in foure and twenty  
hours, upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motions  
upon the place of the Zodiacke.

**Faust.** These slender questions *Wagner* can decide:  
Hath *Mephistophilis* no greater skill,  
Who knows not the double motion of the Planets,  
That the first is finish'd in a natural day,  
The second thus, Saturn in 30 years;  
Jupiter in 12, Mars in 4, the Sun Venus and  
Mercury in a year, the Moon in twenty eight daies.  
These are fresh mens questions, but tell me, hath every  
Speare a Dominion, *De Intelligentiis*?

**Faust.** How many heavens or spheres are there?  
**Meph.** Nine, the seven Planets, the Firmament, and the  
Emperial Heaven,

**Faust.** But is there not *Caelum æthereum* or *Crystallinum*?  
**Meph.** No *Faust*, they be but fables.

**Faust.** Resolve me then this question:  
Why are not Conjunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,  
all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some lesse?

**Meph.** *Per æqualem motum respectu totius.*

**Faust.** Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the  
world?

**Meph.** I will not.

**Faust.** Sweet *Mephistophilis* tell me.

**Meph.** Move me not *Faust*.

**Faust.** Villain have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

**Meph.** That is not against our Kingdom.

This is: thou art lost, think thou of Hell.

**Faust.** Think *Faust* upon him that made the world.

**Meph.** Remember this.

**Faust.**

**Faust.** I, go accursed spirits to ugly hell:  
'Tis thou hast dam'd distressed *Faust's* soul, 'Tis not too late?

*Enter the two Angels.*

**Red.** Too late.

**Gold Ang.** Never too late if *Faustus* will repent.

**Red.** If thou repent Devils will tear thee in pieces.

**Gold.** Repent and they shall never raise thy skin.

**Ohelp distressed *Faustus*.**

*Enter Lucifer, Mephistophilis, and Asmodeus.*

**Luci.** He cannot save thy soul, for he is just.

**There's none but I have interest in the same.**

**Faust.** O what art thou that look'st so terribly?

**Luci.** I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in hell.

**Faust.** O *Faustus*, they are come to fetch thee.

**Belz.** We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

**Luci.** Thou eat'st on heaven contrary to thy promise.

**Belz.** Thou shouldst not think on heaven.

**Luci.** Think on the devil.

**Belz.** And his dam too.

**Faust.** Nor will *Faustus* henceforth, pardon him for this.

**And *Faustus* vows never to look to heaven.**

**Luci.** So shall thou show thyself an obedient creature.

**And he will highly gratify thee for it.**

**Belz.** *Faustus*, we are come from hell in person to show thee

some punishment: sit down, and thou shalt behold the same.

**Luci.** That sight will be as pleasant unto me, as Paradise was

to Adam the first day of his Creation.

**Belz.** Talk no of Paradise for Creation, but mark the show,

go *Mephistophilis* and fetch them in.

**Luci.** And what art thou that look'st so terribly?

**Faust.** I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in hell.

**Faust.** O *Faustus*, they are come to fetch thee.

**Belz.** We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

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to Adam the first day of his Creation.

# THE TRAGICOMEDY

of the most famous and witty Comedian, *John Webster*, in the  
*Seven Deadly Sins*, as he is called.

*Belz.* Now *Faustus* question them of their names and dispositions.

*Faust.* That shall I soon: what art thou the first?

*Pride.* I am *Pride*: I disdain to have any parents; I am like so *Quintus Flet*, I can creep into every corner of a trench. Sometimes like a *Periwigge* I sit upon her brow: next, like a *Necke-lace*, I hang about her neck: then like a *Fanne of feathers*, I kisse her: And then turning my selfe to a wrought *smocke*, see what I list. But, he, what a smell is here? I'll not speak a word more for a *Kings Ransome*, unless the ground be perfumed and covered with cloath of *Aras*.

*Faust.* Thou art a proud knave indeed: what art thou the second?

*Covet.* I am *Covetousness*, begotten of an old *Churche* in a leather bag, and might I now obtain my wish, this house, you and all should turn to gold, that I might lock your safe in to my Chest; O my little gold!

*Faust.* And what art thou the third?

*Envy.* I am *Envy*, begotten of a *Chimney sweeper* and an *Ogler* wife. I cannot read, and therefore with all books burned. I am lean with fasting others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might starve and I live alone, then thou shouldst see how I should be fed. But must thou sit and stand, come do with a vengeance.

*Faust.* One envied much; but what art thou the fourth?

*Wrath.* I am *Wrath*, I had neither Father nor Mother. I leapt out of a *Lyons mouth* when I was scarce an hour old, and have ever since run up and down the world with these *case of Rapiers*, wounding my selfe when I should fight with others. I was borne in *Hell*, and look to it, for some of you shall be my Father.

*Faust.* And what art thou the fifth?

*Greed.* I am *Gluttony*, my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny

a penny they have left me but a small pension, and that buyes  
me thirty meales a day, and ten Beavers; a small trifle to  
suffice nature. I am of a Royal Pedigree, my Father was a  
Gambour of Beacon, and my Mother was a Hogge-head of  
Claret wine. My God-fathers were three; Peter-pickled  
herring, and Martin Martlemas-bone; but my God-mother,  
Ophelia was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery  
March-bank. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progress,  
wilt thou bid me to supper?

*Faust.* No I.

*Gluc.* Then the devil choak thee.

*Faust.* Choak thy self Glucio: what art thou the first  
Sister? *Gluc.* I am Sister. I was begotten on a sunny bank,  
Hey ho, I'll not speak a word more for a Kings Ransom.

*Lucif.* And what are you mistress? *Gluc.* The seventh and  
last.

*Lucif.* Who, I sir: I am one that loves an inch of raw Mutton,  
better then an ell of frize Stockfish; and the first letter  
of my name begins with E and dithery.

*Lucif.* Away to hell, away, on Piper.

*Faust.* O how this sight doth delight my soul.

*Lucif.* But Faustus in hell is all manner of delight.

*Faust.* O might I see hell, and return again safe, how happy  
were I then?

*Lucif.* Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thee,

Mean while peruse this book, and view it thoroughly.

And thou shalt men thy self: now what shapst thou wilt.

*Faust.* Thanks mighty Lucifer.

This will I keep as chary as my life.

*Lucif.* Now Faustus farewell.

*Faust.* Farewel great Lucifer. Come Mephistophilis.

*Enter the Clowns.*

What Dick looke to the horses there till I come again,  
I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus conjuring books, and now  
we'll have such knavery as's paid.

*Enter*



Did mount to scale Olympus top, did view the world from hence  
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons necks,  
To view the Clouds, the Planets and the Stars;  
The Tropick Zone, and currents of the Air;  
From the bright circle of the horned Moon,  
Even to the height of Priamus walls,  
And whirling round with this circumstance,  
Within the concave compass of the Pole,  
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide;  
And in eight dayes did bring him home againe;  
Not long he staid within this quiet house,  
To rest his bones after this weary toyle;  
But new exploits do haile him out againe,  
And mounted then upon a Dragons back,  
That with his wings did pass the suble Air;  
He now is gone to prove Cosmography,  
That measures coasts and Kingdomes of the earth;  
And as I guesse will first arrive at Rome,  
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,  
And take some part of holy Peters staff,  
The which this day is highly solemnized.

## ACT. III.

*Enter Paulus and Mephistophilis.*

*Paul.* **N**OW, *Mephistophilis*,  
Having past with delight the famous  
Town of Tyre, environ'd round with Alery  
Mountain tops: we came to Rome, where  
There is a Bridge call'd *Ponte Angelo*, upon which  
There is erected as many Cannons as there is  
Days in a compleat year, besides the Gates

D

And



And high *Piramides*, which *Julius Caesar* brought from *Africa*,

*Meph.* Having now *Babel* pass with delight  
The famous City of *Babel*, and all the  
Monuments of Antiquity, one shall be  
To see the *Sultans Court*, and when  
Delight great *Babylon* shall see  
The *Soldan* with his *Euphrates* shall see  
Solemn Feast for his late Victory,  
Obtain'd against the *Christians*, who  
His guests, and though unknown, being no  
Stooles with us: come hand by,  
And thou shalt see come immediately.

*Faust.* Thou know'st my good *Mephophilus*,  
Within eight days we view'd the face of  
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, so high our dragons  
Sword into the skie, that looking downwards  
The Earth appear'd to me in vanity  
No bigger then my hand,  
Then in this shew let me an actor be,  
That the proud *Tyrk* may *Faust* cunning see.

*Meph.* *Faust* I will, but first say  
And view their triumphs as they pass this way,  
And then devise what mischief best contents  
Thy mind, be cunning in thy are so craft  
Their malice, or dash the pride of their  
Solemnity, to clap huge horns upon his  
Behaves head, or any villainous thing  
Devise, and I'll perform it *Faust*, hark they come,  
This day shall make thee admir'd in *Babylon*.

*Faust.* One thing more my good *Mephophilus*,  
Let me intreat of thee that *Babel* may  
Delight his mind, and through their scullies cause  
Some mischief, so charm me, I may appear  
Invisible to all are here, and do  
What ere I please, unseen of any.

*Meph.* *Faust* I will know down.

Whilſt on thy head I lay my hand,  
And charm thee with this Magick wand,  
Take this girdle, thou ſhalt appear  
Inviſible to all eyes here;  
The Planets Even, and the gloomy Aſ,  
Hell, and the furies ſhooked be,  
Plagues, blow fire, and Hinder thee,  
VVith Magick charms to compaſſe thee,  
That no eye may thy body ſee.

Now *Faſtus* for all their tricks, do what  
Thou wilt, thou ſhalt not be decerd of any.

*Faſt.* Thanks *Mighty Hills*.

Now *Baſilides* take heed

Leſt *Faſtus* make your ſhaven pates to bleed.

*Enter Salomon and two Beggars.*

*Sal.* Welcome *Majesty* from the ſigns of *Methu*,  
And though we uſe no great familiarity  
Towards our Vaffals, but with ſevere looks  
Maintain the reverence due to the *Queen*  
*Family*, and ſo ſtrike terror in our ſubjects  
Hearts: yet ſince the ſigns have ſo much  
favord us, as we have gain'd that proud  
Rebelleſs comi, that ſhall pay us of our  
Yearly tribute: we will receive your ſervants  
Limbs, and paſs the time with you my Lords in  
Mirth, and ſo increaſe our joyes the more, *Come from*  
You, Let us here the ſtory of *Methu* ſee.

*Ca.* Dread Sovereigne,

We no ſooner there arriv'd, but of the  
Governour, in your name ſent ſome  
Demanded the ten months tribute left  
Unpaid: they deſir'd alſo to make collection  
Among the inhabitants of the *Methu* for 12

A moneth we granted, in which time  
They seiz'd on half the Estates of all  
The Jews amongst them;  
That time for truce allotted, scarce expired,  
Arriv'd *Martino Bellesco* out of *Spain*, who  
With great promises of his Masters aid,  
Incourag'd those of *Malta* not so ready  
Their promis'd tribute, but defend themselves  
They follow'd his advice, and made him general,  
Who with those *Malta* Knights and lusty Seamen  
So vallantly the Sea and Coast defended,  
That all our force in vain had been employ'd,  
Had not an unexpected chance reliev'd us;  
*Mustapha* may it please you finish the story,  
For I was sent upon another design,  
You know it better.

*Mus.* One morning as our scouts reliev'd our watch,  
Hard by the City walls they found a body  
Senseless, and speechless, yet gave some sign  
Of life remaining in it: after some time  
Spent in recovering to himself, he did  
Confesse he was a Jew of the town, who  
to revenge some wrongs done him by  
The Christians, would shew us how to  
Enter to the town, and in short time  
Make us masters of it: he therefore led our  
Scouts through a vault, and rose with them in the  
Middle of the town, open'd the gates for us to  
Enter in, and by that means the place  
Became our own.

*Solo.* Most grateful news.  
*Calph.* Go call the Emperor.  
In the mean time prepare a banquet,  
She shall partake with us for our joy;  
It is too solitary to be otherwise plac'd  
In the *Savalius* solitary lodgings:  
The greatest Princes are of humane mold.

No bow so good, but if steel break, ————  
Will break ———— wilco we my dearest,  
Whose soft embraces my wearied limbs refresh,  
The pleasures we have receiv'd through the  
The Christians overthrow, invites us faster  
to make a day of joy and triumph, which  
Caus'd us dearest desire thy company.

*Emp.* Great *Solomaine*,  
The glory of the *Ottomans*,  
My dear and honoured Lord,  
Thus low your handmaid returns your  
Highness thanks, that you wou'd be pleas'd to  
Admit your humble Vassal to partake  
Of your Joies, and the cause on's,  
*Mahomet* preserve your Majesty,  
And grant you may obtain  
Many such victories.

*Faust.* An excellent brancie this *Melphopis*,  
I must needs have a touch at her lips.

*Emp.* Do *Faustus*, enjoy thy wish, glue thy self  
With pleasure whilst time and occasion permits.

*Emp.* *Mahomet* defend me.  
What's that, that wilst to touch me?

*Faust.* Only a friend of yours inamour'd with  
Your brancie Ladie.

*Sole.* You seem discontented, or else am'd  
At some strange accident: what's  
Offends you sweet? come drink of this Cordial  
To revive thee.

*Faust.* Though I must confesse I have no great need  
Of cordial waters, yet I'll drink it, because  
It came from an Emperess's hand;  
Here *Solomaine*, here's to thee, and all thy men  
Confusion.

*Sole.* Hell, Furies, traytors look about,  
See what tis that thus disturbs our mirth, and tell me  
Dogs, or by our holy Prophets comb I swear

# The Tragical History

Ye all shall die the miserable death, that  
 Ever witty cruelty invented: how my soul is  
 Tortur'd with these villainous charms; some  
 Musick there to moderate these passions in  
 My breast, ha / do devils haunt my Palace,  
 Or are they come to celebrate such meetings  
 As the Christians use.

I'll find the cause of all these strange events;  
 And by our counter charms cross their intents.  
 Call our Majecian forth, and let him bring,  
 Such necessaries as his Art requires, to force  
 An answer from this infernal band,  
 That does disturb our mind;

*Meys.* *Fayus* stand by, and give me leave to act  
 My part: we spirits take no pleasure in wine,  
 Or women, all our delights to hurt and torture  
 Men, which I'll perform on his majecian,  
 Unless he serve a power above him, as we  
 Have order in our confusion, and different degrees  
 Amongst us, I'll carry him away out of  
 His circle, and throw him down into some  
 Sinking puddle.

*Fayus.* Why, but tell me *Majecian*, what's your  
 Attempt to venture on a man in his circle?

*Meys.* Because thou art ours and sold to *Lucifer*, and  
 Have promis'd to serve him faithfully: The next  
 Conceal the secrets of our State from thee, thou darling  
 Of great *Lucifer*: know all their rights and  
 Spells which mortals use to make us rise,  
 Appear visible, answer to their demands,  
 Fullfill their wills, and execute their malice on  
 Their enemies, are very subtle, long'd at first  
 In hell, and thrust on credulous mortals  
 To deceive 'em.

Nor is there such a power in signs and words,  
 Make us to obey: that rule the elements, and rule  
 Moments, if we had but leave, would turn the

world

World ten times more ready to employ them  
To come and win it, and by the power of their  
Charmes: I am more willing to be employ'd in  
Hurt and kill mankind, than they are willing to engage  
Us in their service; and wherefore we should be so  
Familiarly, we should willingly to catch him.

*Task.* I thank good *Mephistophiles* for this discovering  
Of your misery.

*Solo.* *Mephistophiles* show thy skill, and by thy art inquire  
VVhat is that that disturbs our mind, and then  
Command it forth with exorcism.

*Conj.* I obey your Royal pleasure.

VVhether thy circle here I draw,  
And in my hand, this silver wand  
Arm'd with the potent half-globe  
At which fiends tremble while the flames  
By fit of inferno newly kind,  
And blood by cruel modern spill'd;  
By *Flies*: love to *Proserpine*,  
VVhich made *Malball* heart soft and white,  
By *Miser* and by *Jeer*,  
By *Adams* and *Severus*,  
I do conjure you hellish spirits,  
That the infernal vales inhale,  
Send from your gony palaces  
One of your sons to tell me whether  
He can diffuse the *Reverend* soul,  
Be *Devil*, or a Ghost from hell released.

*Meph.* A devil.

*Conj.* Thy name, who fear for thee? why dost thou  
show thyself? scorn thou my Charmes,  
VVhich heretofore made thee fly as fast  
As lightning to obey my host; I'll torture thee  
For this contempt of me, and sink thee to the  
Bottom of the Sea, or bind thee in the desert of

*Aradia*

*Arrested* *Montano* years to punish thy disobedience. *Montano*  
*Meph.* Will you so audacious mortal? nay now you move  
Me, and because your fears have made you stone cold; *Montano*  
I'll warm you for your threatening me with water, *Montano*  
And for fear you should get a Feavour, by this *Montano*  
Unwonted fire, in the next pond you come at, *Montano*  
I quench your heat. *Montano*

*Conju.* Help, help, help.

*Exit, Montano*

*Solla.* Come my dearest, thy life is worth all ours.

*Enter Clope and Dick with a Cup.*

*Dick.* Sirra Robin, we were best look that your dvel can  
answer the stealing of this Cup, for the Viceroy's boy follows  
us at the hard heels.

*Rob.* Tis no matter, let him come; and he follows, he con-  
jure him, as he was never conjur'd in his life; I warrant him;  
let me see the cup.

*Enter Viceroy.*

*Dick.* Here 'tis, yonder he comes; now Robin, now or ne-  
ver shew thy cunning.

*Vint.* Oh are you here? I am glad I have found you, you  
are a couple of fine companions; pray where's the cup you  
stole from the tavern?

*Rob.* How how? we stole a cup, what heed what you say;  
we look not like cup-stealers that I can tell you.

*Vint.* Never deny't, for I know you have it; and I'll search  
you.

*Rob.* Search me, I and spare not: hold the cup Dick, come,  
come, search me, search me.

*Vint.* Come on sirra, let me search you now.

*Dick.* I, I do, do; hold the cup Robin, I fear not your search-  
ing: we scorn to steal your cups I can tell you.

*Vint.* Never outface me for the matter, for sure the cup is  
yours.

Here you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

*Vint.*



*Vint.* A plague take you, I thought 'twas your privacy to take it away: Come give it me again.

*Rob.* I much, when can you tell? *Dicke*, make them stand and stand close to my back, and stand for thy life: you shall have your Capanon, say nothing *Dicke*: O *per O. Demigorgan, Belcher, and* *Demigorgan, Belcher, and*

*Enter Mephobophyllis.*

*Meph.* You Princely Legions of Infernal Rule, and bring how am I vexed by these vile shots Charles: From Constantinople have they brought me now, Onely for pleasure of these damned slaves.

*Rob.* By Lady sir, you have had a stoned jockey of it: will it please you take a shoulder of Mutton to suppe, and a Taster in your purse, and go back again.

*Dicke.* I, pray you heartily sir, for we call'd you but in jest I promise you.

*Meph.* To purge the rashness of this cursed Devil, First, be thou turned to this ugly shape, For apish deeds transformed count Apes.

*Rob.* O brave, an Ape? I pray sir let me have the carrying of him about to shew some tricks.

*Meph.* And so thou shalt be thou transformed to a Dogge, and carrie him upon thy back, away begoned.

*Rob.* A dogge that's excellent: lets the stables look well to their Porridge-pots, for he into the Kitchen presently I come *Dicke*, come.

*Meph.* Now with the flames of ever burning fire, I'll wing my self, and forth with hee aming, Unto my Faustus to the great Turke Court.

*Enter Martine and Frederick at several doors.*

*Mart.* What ho, Officers, Gentlemen: Hie to the presence to attend the Emperour: Good Frederick, let the roomes be voided straight, His Majesty is coming to the Hall,

Go back, and see the State in redins.

**Frr.** But where is *Bruno* our elected Pope,  
That on a surly back came post from *Rome*;  
Will not his grace consort the Emperor;  
*Marr.* O yes and with him come the *German Conjur*,  
The learned *Faustus*, fame of *Wittenberge*,  
The wonder of the World for Magick Art,  
And he intends to shew great *Corbins*,  
The race of all his stout Progenitors:  
And bring in presence of his Majesty  
The royal shapes and perfect semblances  
Of *Alexander* and his beauteous Paramour.

**Frr.** Where is *Bennolio*?  
*Marr.* Fast asleep I warrant you,  
He took his route with Boops of Rhenish wine  
So kindly yesternight to *Bruno's* health,  
(That all this day the Suggard keeps his bed.

**Frr.** See see, his Windows's ope, wee'll call to him.  
*Marr.* What do, *Bennolio*.

*Enter Bennolio, shew at a window, in his night-cap: buttoning.*

*Brun.* What a Devil aile you two?

*Marr.* Speak softly Sir, lest the Devil hear you,  
For *Faustus* at the Court is late arriv'd,  
And at his heels ten thousand Forces wait,  
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

*Brun.* What of this?

*Marr.* Come leave thy Chamber first, and thou shalt see  
This Conjurer performe such rare exploits  
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,  
As never yet was seen in *Germany*.

*Brun.* Has not the Pope enough of Conjuring yet?  
He was upon the Devils back late enough,  
And if he be so far in love with him,  
I would he would post with him to *Rome* again.

*Frr.*

**Fre.** Speak with thou come and see this sport.

**Ben.** Not I: He will and I will see it.

**Adm.** Will thou stand in thy window and see it, then?

**Ben.** I, and I fall not asleep I'll mean time.

**Mar.** The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see

What wonders by black spells may compass be.

**Ben.** Well go you attend the Emperor: I am content for this once to thrust my head out at the window: for they say if a man be drunk overnight, the Devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a shame in my head shall controule him as well as the Conjuror, I warrant you.

*A. Semit. Charles the German Emperor, Bruno, Saxony, Faustus, Josephophilus, Frederick, Martino, and Attendants.*

**Emp.** Wonder of men, renown'd Magician,

Thricelearned *Faustus*, welcome to our Court.

This deed of thine in setting *Bruno* free,

From his and our professed enemy,

Shall add more excellence unto thine Art,

Than if by powerful Necromantick spells,

Thou couldst command the worlds obedience,

For ever be belov'd of *Caroline*.

And if this *Bruno* thou hast late redeem'd

In peace possesse the triple Diadem,

And sit in *Peters* Chair despite of chance,

Thou shalt be famous thorow all *Italy*,

And honour'd of the *German* Emperour.

*Faust.* Those gracious words, most royal *Charles*,

Shall make poor *Faustus* to his utmost power,

Both love and serve the *German* Emperour,

And lay his life at holy *Bruno's* feet.

For proofe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,

To cast his Magicke charmes that shall pierce thorow

The Ebon gates of ever-burning Hell,

And hale the Stubborne Furies from their Caves,

# The Tragical History

To compass wheretoever your Grace commands.

*Ben.* Blood he speaks terribly: but for all that I do not greatly believe him; he looks as like a Conjuror, as the Rope to a Coffermonger.

*Emp.* Then *Faustus*, as thou hast said, present us  
We would behold that famous Conqueror,  
Great *Alexander* and his Paramour.

In their true shapes, and state Majestical,  
That we may wonder at their Excellences.

*Fau.* Your Majesty shall see them presently,  
Methinks I see them.

And with a solemn noise of Trumpets sound,  
Present before the Royal Emperours.

Great *Alexander* and his beauteous Paramour.

*Meph. Faustus*, I will not be an envious.

*Ben.* Well M. Doctor, and your Devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently: would I could eat my self for anger, to think I have been such an Ass all this while to stand gaping after the Devils Government, and can see nothing.

*Fau.* He make you feel some thing anon if my Art fails me not.

My Lord I must forewarn your Majesty,  
That when my Spirits present their Royal shapes,

Of *Alexander* and his Paramour,  
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,

But in dumbe silence let them come and go.

*Emp.* Be it as *Faustus* please, we are content.

*Ben.* I, I, and I am content too: and choo ching *Alexander* and his Paramour before before the Emperours.

*Faustus.* And I'll play *Diogenes*, and send you the *Hercules* presently.

And this the supposition of the Emperours.

The Doctor stands by, by power of Art.

To call his Magic charm that shall pierce thow.

And this the supposition of the Emperours.

And this the supposition of the Emperours.

*Senit. Enter at one door the Emperour Alexander, at the other  
Darius they meet. Darius is thrown down. Alexander kills  
him takes off his Crown, and offering to kiss his head  
meets him: his embraces her, and lets Darius kiss her  
head: and coming back, but she is the Emperour, who lea-  
ving his state, offers to embrace them: which Panthus seeing,  
suddenly staves him. Then Trampusse crosses, and blasphe-  
mously saies.*

*My gracious Lord, you do forget your self.  
They are but shadows, not substantial.*

*Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished with sight  
of this renowned Emperour, that in mine armes I would have  
compass him. But Panthus, since I may not speak to them, to  
satisfie my longing thoughts at full, let me this tell thee: I have  
heard it said, that this fair Lady while she liv'd on earth, had  
on her neck a little Wart, or Mole, how may I prove that saying  
to be true?*

*Panth. Your Majesty may boldly go and see.*

*Emp. Panthus, I see it plain.  
And in this sight thou better please me  
Than if I gain'd another Monarchie.*

*Panth. Away begone. See then  
See see my gracious Lord, what strange Beast is yon,  
That thrusts his head out at the window.*

*Emp. O wonderful sight, see Dukes of Saxony  
Two spreading horns most stately fastened  
Upon the head of young Benmolio.*

*Sax. What is he asleep or dead?*

*Panth. He sleeps my Lord, but dreams not of his hornes.*

*Sax. This sport is excellent: wee'll call and wake him.  
What ho, Benmolio.*

*Ben. A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.*

*Emp. I blame thee not to sleep much having such a head of  
thine own.*

*Sax. Look up Benmolio, tis the Emperour calls.*

*Ben. The Emperour? where? my head, my head.*

*Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, tis no matter for thy head,  
for that's arm'd sufficiently.*

*Ben. B 53*

## The Tragic History

Yanp. Why now fir Knight, what hang'd by the horns?  
this is most horrible: he, he, pull in your head for shame, let  
not all the world wonder at you.

Dr. Doctor, it this your villenie?

Fear. O say not so for the Doctor has no skill.

**No, Art, no cunning, to present these Lords,**

Or bring before this Royal Emperour

**The mighty Monarch, warlike Alexander**

If *Fanslas* do it, you are their resolve

In bold *African* shape to turn a Stag.

And therefore my Lord to please your Majestie,

**He raise a Kennel of hounds that hunt him so.**

And all his foemen'ship shall scarce prevail,

To keep his Carkie from their bloody pangs.

No. Halimot, Argiron, Afferate.

*Ben.* Hold, hold, hee'l ralse up a Kennel of Devils I think anon: good my Lord, intreat for me, I am never able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then good Mr. Doctor.

**Let me intreat you to remove his horns**

He hath done penance now sufficientlie.

*Faust.* My gracious Lord, not so much for injurie done to me, as to delight your Majestie with some mirth, hath *penitus* justly requited this injurious K: which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns: *Majestissime*, transform him? and hereafter fir, look you speak well of Shalott.

*Ben.* Speak well of yee? 'sfoot and Scholers be such Cuckold-makers to clap horns upon honest mens heads o' this order, Ile nere trull loomth faces, and small hands more: But as I be not reveng'd for this, Would I might be turn'd to a pissing Oyler, and drink nothing but salt water,

*Emp.* Come *Faustus*, while the Emperor lives.

In recompence of this high desert,

**Thou shalt command the state of Germany.**

And live belov'd of mightie *Carolus*:

*Enter Benuolio, Martina, Frederick, and Soldiers.*

*Marr.* Nay sweet *Bennolio*, let us sway thy thoughts from this attempt against the Conjuror.

**Bew.**

**Ben.** Away, you love me not to urge me thus.  
Shall I let slip so great an injury,  
When every servile groom jealously at my wrongs,  
And in their rustick Gambals proudly say,  
Benulio's head was grac'd with banners to day?  
O may these eye-lids never close again,  
Till with my sword I have the Conjuror slain,  
If you will aid me in this enterprize?  
Then draw your weapons and be resolute.  
If not, depart; here will Benulio die.  
But *Fausus* death shall quit thy life.

**Fred.** Nay we will stay with thee, be this what may.  
And till the Doctor if he come this way.

**Ben.** Then gentle *Frederick* bid thee to the Grove,  
And place our servants and our followers  
Close in ambush, there behind the trees.  
By this I know the Conjuror is near,  
I saw him kneel and kiss the Emperours hand,  
And take his leave laden with rich reward.  
Then Soldiers bravely fight, if *Fausus* die,  
Take you the wealth, leave me the victorie.  
*Fred.* Come Soldiers follow me unto the Grove.  
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

*Exit Frederick with the Soldiers.*

**Ben.** My head is lighter then it was by this blow,  
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head.  
And paine untill I see the Conjuror dead.

**Mari.** Where shall we place our selves Benulio?  
**Ben.** Here will we stay to hide the first assault.  
O were that damned Hell-bound traitor here,  
How soon should I see me quit my foul disgrace.

*Enter Frederick.*

**Fred.** Close, close, the Conjuror is at hand,  
And all alone comes walking in his Gown  
Be ready then, and strike what God put down.

**Ben.** Mine be that honour then, now sweet *Frederick* home,  
For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.



Just as you love me now, you love me now, you love me now -  
Enter Faustus with his staff and book  
With every word he speaks, he speaks  
And in his words, he speaks

Mart. See, see he comes

Ben. No word of his, but he is dead  
Hell take his Soul, his Body thus is dead  
Faust. Oh, what a world I have the Countess

Fred. Grieve you Master Doctor, for he is dead

Ben. Break may his heart with groans, dear Prudent, see  
Thus will I end his griefs, and his life

Mart. Struck with a willing hand, he is dead

Ben. The Devil's dead, the Furies now are dead

Fred. Was this that stern Aspect, that awful frown,  
Made the grim Monarch of infernal spirits  
Tremble and quake at his command

Mart. Was this that damned being, whose name  
Bennolio's shame before the Emperor

Ben. I that's the dead, and there the Body lies  
Justly rewarded for his villainies

Fred. Com let's devise how we may add more shame  
To the black scandal of his base name

Ben. Firily on the dead, in a quiet place  
I'll nail a huge forked horn, and a great hanging

Within the window where he yok'd me first,  
That all the world may see my just revenge,

Mart. What shall we do to his head?

Ben. We'll take a new Chimney-sweepers will wear our red  
Birchin Brooms I warrant

Fred. What shall his eyes do?

Ben. We'll pull out his eyes, and they shall serve for Buttons  
to his Lips, to his

Mart. An excellent jest, I think

Fred. What shall the body do?

Ben. The Devil's alive again, the Countess is dead  
Fred. Give him his head

Faust. Nay keep his head, for he is dead  
I call your souls to witness  
Knew ye not Traytors I was made  
For four and twenty years to breath on earth,  
And

Of Doctor Faustus.

And had you cut my body with your swords,  
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,  
Yet in a minute had my life return'd,  
And I had breath'd a man made free from harm.  
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?

*After which, Belimoth, Mephistophilis.*

*Enter Mephisto. and other Devils.*

Go horse these Traitors on your fiery backs,  
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven,  
Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:  
Yet stay the world shall see their misery.  
And hell shall after plague their treachery.

Go *Belimoth*, and take this carcase hence,  
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:  
Take thou this other, drag him thorough the woods,  
Among the pricking thornes and sharpest briers,  
Whilest with my gentle *Mephistophilis*,  
This Traitor flies unto some steepy rock,  
That rowling down, may break the villains bones,  
As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately.

*Fred.* Pity us gentle *Faustus* save our lives.

*Faust.* Away.

*Fred.* He must needs go that the Devil drives.

*Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.*

*Enter the Ambush. Soldiers.*

1. *Sould.* Come sirs prepare your selves in readinesse,

Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,

I heard them parly with the Conjuror.

2. *Sould.* See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slave;

*Faust.* whats here? an ambush to betray my life?

Then *Faustus* try thy skill: base Peasants stand;

For loe the trees remove at my command,

And stand as Bulwarks, twixt your selves and me,

To sheild me from your hatred treachery:

Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,

Behold an Army comes incontinent.

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*Faustus strikes the door, and enter a Devil playing upon a drum,  
after him another bearing an Ensign: and divers with weapons,  
Mephostophilis with fire-workers, they see upon the Soldiers  
and drive them out.*

*Enter at several doors Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino, their  
heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt,  
having all horns on their heads.*

*Mart.* What ho, *Benuolio*?

*Ben.* Here, what *Federick*, ho?

*Fred.* O gentle friend, where is *Martino*?

*Ben.* Half smotherd in a Lake of mud and dirt,  
through which the furies drag me by the heels.

*Fred.* *Martino* see,  
*Benuolio's* horns again.

*Mart.* O misery, how now *Benuolio*?

*Ben.* Defend me heaven, shall I be haunted still?

*Mart.* Nay fear not man, we have no power to kill.

*Ben.* My friends transform'd thus: O hellish spine,  
Your heads are all set with horns.

*Fred.* You lie leviathan,  
It is your own you mean, feel on your head.

*Ben.* What, horns again?

*Mart.* Nay chase not man, we are all sped

*Ben.* What Devil attends this damn'd Magician,  
That spight of spight, our wrongs are doubled?

*Fre.* What may we do that we may hide our shame?

*Ben.* If we should follow him to work revenge,  
Hee'd joyn long Asses ears to these huge horns,  
And make us laughing-stocks to all the World.

*Mart.* What shall we then do, dear *Benuolio*?

*Ben.* I have a Cattle-foying near these Woods,  
And thither weel repair, and live obscure,  
Till time shall alter these our British Shapes.  
Sich black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame?  
Weel rather dye with grief, than live with shame.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser,  
and Mephistophilis.*

*Horse.* I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dollers.

*Faust.* Friend; thou canst not buy so good a Horse for so small a price: I have no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten Dollers more, take him, because I see thou hast a good minde to him.

*Horse.* I beseech you sir accept of this? I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by Horse-flesh and this bargain will set me up again.

*Faust.* Well I will not stand with thee, give me the money, now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him ore hedge, and ditch, and spare him not, but do you hear? in any case ride him not into the water.

*Horse.* How sir, not into the water? why will he not drink of all waters?

*Faust.* Yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ore hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt: but not into the water; go bid the Hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

*Horse.* I warrant you sir; O joyful day, now am I a made man for ever.

*Exit.*

*Faust.* What art thou *Faustus*, but a man condemn'd to die; Thy fatal time draws to a final end: Dispare doth drive distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleep, Then rest thee *Faustus* quiet in conceit,

*He sits to sleep.*

*Enter the Horse-courser.*

*Horse.* O what a cosening Doctor was this? I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little snaw, and had much adoe to escape drowning; Well Ile go roule him and make him give me my forty Dollers again. Ho sirra Doctor,

Doctor, you colening scab, Master Doctor awake and rise, and give me my money again, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Mr. Doctor. S'foot I think hee's rotten. *He puts of his leg* Alas I am undone, what shall I do? I have puld off his leg, *(leg*

*Faust.* O help, help, the villain has murderd me.

*Horse.* Murder or not murder, now he hath but one leg. He out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

*Faust.* Stop him, stop him, stop him——ha, ha, ha, *Few.* *But*, hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of Hay for his forty Dollors.

*Enter Wagner.*

How now Wagner, what newes with thee?

*Wag.* If it please you the Duke of *Vanbols* doth earnestly intreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend with provision fit for your journie.

*Faust.* The Duke of *Vanbols*'s an honourable Gentleman and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, Come away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clown, Dic, Horse-courser, and a Carrier.*

*Cart.* Come my Masters, Ile bring you to the best beer in *Europe*, what ho, Hostesse: where be these whores?

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* How now, what lack you? What my old Guests? welcome.

*Clow.* Sirra *Dic*, dost know why I stand so mute?

*Dic.* No *Robin*, why is't?

*Clow.* I am eighteen pence on the score, but say nothing, see if she have forgotten me.

*Host.* Who is this that stands so solemnly by himself? What my old Guest?

*Clow.* O Hostess how do you? I hope my score stands still?

*Host.* I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no hast to wipe it out.

*Dic.* Why Hostess, I say fetch us some Beer

*Host.* You shall presently, looke up into the Hall there ho.

*Dic.* Come sirs, what shall we do till mine Hostess comes.

*Cart.*

*Cart.* Marry sir, Ile tell you the bravest tale how a Conjur-  
er serv'd me: you know Doctor *Faustus*?

*Horse.* I, a pox take him, here's some on's have cause to  
know him; did he conjure thee too?

*Cart.* Ile tell you how he serv'd me: As I was going to *Wit-  
tenbergs* t'other day with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked  
me what he should give me for as much Hay as he could eat?  
now sir, I thinking that a little would serve his turn bad him  
take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently  
gave me money, and fell to eating; and as I am a curst man, he  
never left eating, till he had eat up all my Load of Hay.

*All.* O monstrous, eat a whole load of Hay.

*Clow.* Yes, yes, that may be, for I have an Uncle that did  
eat a whole load of Logs.

*Horse.* Now sir, you shall hear how villanously he serv'd me,  
I went to him yesterday to buy a Horse of him, and he would  
by no means tell him under fortie Dollers; so sir, because I  
knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge & ditch,  
and never tire, I gave him his monie: so when I had my horse,  
Doctor *Faustus* bid me ride him night and day, and spare him  
not: but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water.  
Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare qualitie that  
he would not have me know of, what did I but ride him into  
a great River, and when I came just into the midst, my horse  
vanisht away; and I sate stradling upon a bottle of Hay.

*All.* O brave Doctor.

*Horse.* But you shall hear how bravelie I serv'd him for it; I  
went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep; I  
whoop'd and hollowed in his ears, but could not wake him; I  
seeing that, took him by the legg, and never rested pulling, till  
I had put his leg quite off and now t'is at home in my hostry.

*Clow.* And has the Doctor but one leg then? that's excellent  
then, for one of his Divels turn'd me into the likeness of an  
Apes-face.

*Cart.* Some more drink Hostess.

*Dr.* Hostess, will you not give us a Song.  
You sing us a fine Song  
When we were here last.

*Host.* Talk of Songs as soon as y<sup>e</sup> come into a house,  
Let's see what Guests you'l be first, you do not call  
For drink fast enough, I am a cup too low yet.

*Clow.* Where are you, Dick, I get, fill us six Cans.

*Host.* I marry, how you can call apace, but have  
You any money to pay for them.

*Clow.* O yes Hostels, money in both pockets.

*Host.* Come then, give me a Can.

*Host.* Here's to you Hostels.

*Host.* I thank ye, what song shall I sing?

*Cart.* Good sweet Hostels sing my song.

*Host.* What's that?

*Cart.* The Chimney high.

*Dick.* No, no, a Swallows nest.

*Host.* All you that will look for a Swallows nest, a Swallows  
Must look in the Chimney high.

*Dick.* Now pray Hostels Sing my song too.

*Host.* Prethee what is't?

*Dick.* You know, the song you sung when we were last here.

*Clow.* Now Hostels you know

I owe you eighteen pence.

*Host.* I know you do.

*Clow.* Sing me but one song more, and Ile give you  
Eighteen pence more for it, which is just five shillings.

*Host.* Three shillings you fool.

*Clow.* Why, three and five is all one to me.

*Cart.* Robin, Robin, you say you have monie in both  
Pockets, pay this reckoning, wee'l pay the next  
We paid for you last.

*Clow.* VVho Ille pay for none of you, I have none for  
my self.

*Host.* I thought so, you that cal'd and cal'd so fast,

VVould shrink your head out of the collar at last,

But I hope, as you brought us on, you'l bring us off.

*Clow.* I warrant you lads, let me alone to conjure her,  
Get me a piece of Chalk.

*Host.* VVhat to do.

*Clow.* Pish, let me a lone.

*Enter boy  
with Beer.*

*(nest.)*

*She sings again.*

*She sings.*

*Host.*



*Host.* Come now, where is my reckoning? (*Can.*)

*Clow.* Here, here Hostess, here, what's this, 1 1 Chalks a

*Host.* Two pence.

*Clow.* VVhat's this 1 1 1 1.

*Host.* A Groat.

*Clow.* And this, c.

*Host.* Six pence.

*Clow.* And this, o.

*Host.* VVhy, a Shilling.

*Clow.* And this, c.

*Host.* 'Tis six pence.

*Clow.* VVhat comes it all too?

*Host.* Three shillings.

*Clow.* Here take it Hostess, take it, ha, ha, ha?

*Cart.* O brave Robin, ha, ha, ha.

*Host.* I hope you don't mean to pay me thus,  
VVhy this is but chalk.

*Clow.* Chalk and Cheese is all one to us, for truly we  
Have no monie Landladie, but wee'l pay you  
Very honestly, when we come again. *Exeunt.*

*Host.* Look you do,  
VVell, I am deeply in my Brewers score,  
But the best on't is, he durst as well be hang'd  
As tell his wife. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Duchess, Faustus,  
and Mephistophilis.*

*Duke.* Thanks Master Doctor for these pleasant sights,  
Nor know I how sufficiently to recompence your great  
Deserts, in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire:  
The sight whereof so delighteth me  
As nothing in the world could please me more.

*Faust.* I do think my self my good Lord, highly recompenced,  
in that it hath pleased your Grace to think but well of that  
which *Faustus* hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may be  
that you have taken no pleasure in those sights: therefore I  
pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to have, &c.  
it.

it in the World, it shall be yours : I have heard that great bel-  
lied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

*Lady.* True Master Doctor, and since I finde you so kind, I  
will make known unto you what my heart desires to have, and  
were it now Summer, as it is *January*, a dead time of the winter,  
I would request no better meat then a dish of ripe Grapes.

*Faust.* This is but a small matter : go *Adelphostophilis*, away,  
*Exit Adelph.*

*Madam,* I will do more then this for your content.

*Enter Adelphostophilis again with the Grapes.*

*Meph.* Here, now taste ye these, they should be good,  
For they came from a far Country, I can tell you,

*Duke.* This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that  
at this time of the year when every tree is barren of his fruit,  
from whence you had these Grapes.

*Faust.* Please it your Grace, the year is divided into two  
circles over the whole world, so that when it is winter with us,  
in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in *India*,  
*Saba*, and such Countries that lye far *East*, where they  
have fruit twice a year. From whence by means of a swift spi-  
rit that I have, I had these Grapes brought as you see.

*La.* And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted

*The Clown bonnets at the gate within.*

*Duke.* What rude disturber have we at the gate.  
Go pacifie their furie, set it ope,  
And then demand of them what they would have.

*They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus,*

*A servant.* Why how now Masters, what a coile is there ?  
What is the reason you disturbe the Duke ?

*Dis.* We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

*Ser.* Why saucy Varlets, dare you be so bold ? *(welcome*

*Hof.* I hope fit, we have wit enough to be more bold then

*Ser.* It appears so, pray be more bold elsewhere.  
And trouble not the Duke.

*Duke.* What would they have ?

*Ser.* They all cry out to speak with Dr. *Faustus*

*Cart.*

of Doctor Faustus.

*Cart.* I, and we will speak with him.

*Duke.* Will you sir? Commit the Raskals

*Dick.* Commit with us, he were as good commit with his Father as commit with us.

*Faust.* I do beseech your Grace let them come in, They are good subjects to merriment.

*Duke.* Do as thou wilt *Faustus*, I give thee leave.

*Faust.* I thank your Grace.

*Enter the Clown, Dick, Carter and Horse courser.*

Why how now my good friends? faith you are too outrageous But come near I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

*Clow.* Nay sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What ho, gives half a dozen of Beer here and be hang'd.

*Faust.* Nay hark you, can you tell where you are?

*Cart.* I marrie can I, we are under heaven.

*Ser.* I but sir fance-box, know you in what place?

*Horse.* I, I, the house is good enough to drink in, come, fill us some Beer, or wee'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with the Bottles.

*Faust.* Be not so furious, come, you shall have Beer, My Lord, beseech you give me leave a while, Ile gage my credit, 'twill content your Grace.

*Duke.* With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy self, Out servants and our Court's at thy command,

*Fau.* I humbly thank your Grace; then fetch some Beer.

*Horse.* I marrie, there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile drink a health to thy wooden Leg for that word.

*Faust.* My wooden Leg? what dost thou mean by that?

*Cart.* Ha, ha, ha, dost hear him *Dick* he has forgot his Leg.

*Horse.* I, I, he does not stand much upon that.

*Faust.* No faith, not much upon a wooden Leg.

*Cart.* O that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship: do you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

*Faust.* Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

*Cart.* And how you bid him not ride him into the water.

*Faust.* Yes, I do very well remember that.

*Cart.* And do you remember nothing of your Leg.

*Fau.* No in good sooth. *Cart.* Then remember your word.

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*Faust.* Thank you sir.

*Car.* Tis not so much worth: I pray tell me one thing.

*Faust.* What's that?

*Car.* Be both your legs bed-fellows every night together?

*Faust.* Wouldst thou make a *Calossus* of me, that thou ask'st me such questions?

*Car.* No truly sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would fain know that.

*Enter Hostess with drink.*

*Faust.* Then I assure thee certainly they are.

*Car.* I thank you I am fully satisfied.

*Faust.* But wherefore dost thou ask?

*Car.* For nothing sir: but me think you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of'em.

*Horse.* Why do you hear sir, did I not pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

*Faust.* But I have it again now? look you here sir.

*Om.* How let's feel.

*Horse.* Tother leg.

*Clew.* Both together.

*All.* O horrible, had the Doctor three legs?

*Car.* Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat up my load of — — hay a, a, a.

*Faustus charms him dumb.*

*Dick.* Do you remember how you made me were an Apes — — fa, a, a, a.

*Horse.* You whorson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cosened me with a ho — — ho, ho, ho.

*Clew.* Have you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your *Hey-pass* and *Re-pass*: do you remember the dogs fa — — — fa, fa, fa.

*Exeunt Clowns.*

*Host.* Who payes for the Ale? here you Mr. Doctor, now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my Ale — — —

*Exit Hostess.*

*Lady.* My Lord,

We are much beholden to this learned man.

*Duke.* So are we Madam, which we will recompence.

*With*

of Doctor Faustus.

With all the love and kindness that we may.  
His artful sports drive all sad thoughts away. *Exeunt.*

*Thunder and Lightning: Enter Devils with covered dishes: Mephostophilis leads them into Faustus study: then*

*Enter Wagner.*

Act the Fifth,

*Wag.* I think my Master means to die shortly, he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coin'd: I wonder what he means; if death were nye, he would not fro-like thus: he's now at supper with the Schollers, where there's such belly-cheer as *Wagner* in his life never saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is ended. *Exit.*

*Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.*

1. *Sch. M.* Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference about fair Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with our selves that *Helen* of *Greece* was the admirablest Lady that ever liv'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of *Greece* whom all the world admires for Majesty, we should think our selves much beholding unto you.

*Fau.* Gentlemen for that I know your friendship is unfaind, It is not *Faustus* custome to deny  
The just request of those that wish him well;  
You shall behold that peerless Dame of *Greece*,  
No otherwise for pompe or Majesty,  
Than when sir *Paris* crost the Seas with her,  
And brought the spoiles to rich *Dardania*.  
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

*Musick sound. Mephost. brings in, Hellen, she passesb  
over the stage.*

2. Was this faire *Hellen*, whose admired worth,  
Made *Greece* with ten-years *Wars* afflict poor *Troy*?

## The Tragical History

3. Too simple is my will to tell her worth,  
Whom all the World admires for Majesty.

1. Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,  
Wee'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight,  
Happy and blest be *Faustus* evermore.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

*Faust.* Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

*Enter an old man.*

*Old man.* O Gentle *Faustus* leave this damned Art,  
This Magick that will charm thy soul to hell,  
And quite bereave thee of salvation:  
Though thou hast now offended like a man,  
Do not persevere in it like a Devil:  
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,  
If sin by custome grow not into nature,  
Then (*Faustus*) will repentance come to late,  
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heaven;  
No mortal can express the pains of hell.  
It may be this my exhortation  
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not,  
For gentle Son, I speak it not in wrath,  
Or of envy to thee, but in tender love,  
And pittie of thy future Misery.  
And so have hope, that this my kind rebuke,  
Checking thy body may amend thy soul

*Fau.* Where art thou *Faustus*? wretch, what hast thou done?

*Mephostophilus gives him a Dagger.*

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice,  
Saias *Faustus* come, thine hour is almost come,  
And *Faustus* now will come to do thee right.

*Old.* O stay good *Faustus*, stay thy desperate steps,  
Call for mercy and avoid despaire, (soul.

*Faust.* O friend, I feel thy words to comfort my distressed  
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

*Old.* *Faustus*, I leave thee but with grief of heart,  
Fearing the enemy of thy better part. *Exit.*

*Faust.* Accursed *Faustus*, wretch what hast thou done?  
I do repent, and yet I do despaire,

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast: What

of Doctor Faustus.

What shall I do to shun the snare of death?

*Meph.* Thou Traitor *Faustus* I arrest thee  
For disobedience to my Sovereign Lord,  
Revolt, or lie in peace-meale tear thy flesh.

*Faust.* I do repent I e're offended him,  
Sweet *Mephistophilis* intreat thy Lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption,  
And with my blood again I will confirm  
The former vow I made to *Lucifer*.

*Meph.* Do it then *Faustus* with unfained heart;  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

*Faust.* Torment, sweet friend that bate and aged man,  
That durst dissuade me from thy *Lucifer*,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Me.* His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,  
But what I can afflict his body with  
I will attempt which is but little worth.

*Fa.* One thing good servant let me crave of thee,  
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,  
That I may have unto my Paramour,  
That heavenly *Hellen* which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear  
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,  
And keep my vow I made to *Lucifer*.

*Meph.* This or what else my *Faustus* shall desire,  
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

*Enter Hellen again, passing over between two Cupids.*

*Faust.* Was this the face that launcht a thousand Ships,  
And burnt the toples Towers of *Ilium*;  
Sweet *Hellen* make me immortal with a kiss;  
Her lips suck forth my soul see where it lies,  
Come *Hellen*, come give me my soul again,  
Here will I dwell for Heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not *Helena*.  
I will be *Paris*, and for love of thee,  
Instead of *Troy* shall *Wissenberge* be sackt,

And



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And I will combat with weak *Menelaus*,  
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,  
Yea I will wound *Achilis* in the heele,  
And then return to *Hellen* for a kisse,  
O thou art fairer than the Evenings Ayre,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starrs ;  
Brighter art thou then flaming *Jupiter* ;  
When he appeared to haples *Semele*.  
More lovely then the Monarch of the skye,  
In wanton *Arethusa's* azurd arms,  
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour:

*Exeunt.*

*Thunder.* Enter *Lucifer*, *Elzebub*, and  
*Mephistophilis*.

*Lucif.* Thus from infernal *Dis* do we ascend,  
Bringing with us the Deed  
The time is come ; which makes it forfeit

*Meph.* And this gloomy night,  
Here in this Room will wretched *Faustus* be.

*Belz.* And here weel stay  
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

*Meph.* How should he, but in desperate lunacy ?  
Fond worldling now his heart-blood dries with greif ;  
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain  
Begets a world of ille fantasies  
To overreach the Divil ; but all in vain,  
His store of pleasures must be tauc'd with pain.  
He and his servant *Wagner* are at hand,  
Both come from drawing *Faustus* latest Will,  
See where they come.

*Enter Faustus and Wagner.*

*Faust.* Say *Wagner*, thou hast peruv'd my Will,  
How dost thou like it

*Wag.* Sir, so wondrous vwell,  
As in all humble duty I do yeild

My

of Doctor Faustus.

My life and lasting service for you love.

*Enter the Schollers.*

*Faust.* Gramercy *VVagner*,  
Welcome, Gentlemen.

1. Novv worthy *Faustus*, me thinks your looks are chang'd  
*Faust.* Oh Gentlemen.

2. What ayles *Faustus*?

*Fau.* Ah my sweet Chamber-fellovv, had I liv'd vvith thee,  
Then had I lived still, but novv must die eternally,  
Look sirs comes he not, comes he not?

1. O my dear *Faustus*, what imports this fear

2. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy

3. He is not well with being over solitary.

2. If it be so, weel have Physitians, and *Faustus* shall be  
cur'd. —

3. Tis but a surfeit fear - nothing

*Faust.* A surfeit of a deadly sin that hath undone me.

2. Yet *Faustus* look up to heaven and remember mercy is  
infinite.

*Faust.* But *Faustus* offence can nere be pardoned :

O Gentlemen hear me with patience and tremble, not at my  
speeches; though my heart pant and quiver to remember that  
I have been a Student here these 30 years. O would I had  
never seen *Wittenberge*, never read book, and what wonders I  
have done, all *Germany* can witness; yea all the world: for  
which, *Faustus* hath lost both, *Germany*, and the world, yea  
Heaven it self: and must remain in Hell for ever. Hell, O  
Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of *Faustus* be-  
ing in Hell for ever?

2. Yet *Faustus* call on Heaven.

*Faust.* Whom *Faustus* hath abjur'd? whom *Faustus* hath  
blasphem'd? I would weep, but the Devil draws in my teares,  
Gush forth blood instead of tears. Oh he staves my tongue:  
I would lift up my hands, but see they hold'em, they  
hold'em,

*All.* Who *Faustus*?

*Faust.* Why *Lucifer* and *Mephostophilus*, O Gentlemen,

I gave them my soul for my cunning.

*All.* Heaven forbid.

*Fau.* Heaven forbid it indeed, but *Faustus* hath done it : for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years, hath *Faustus* lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a Bill with mine own blood, the date is expired : this is the time and he will fetch me.

1. Why did not *Faustus* tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee.

*Fau.* Oft have I thought to have done so : but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I nam'd Heaven ; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave care to Divinity ; and now it is too late, Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2. O what may we doe to save *Faustus* ?

*Fau.* Talke not of me, but save your selves and depart.

3. God will strenthen me, I will stay with *Faustus* ?

1. Tempt not God sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

*Fau.* I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Pray thou and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Fau.* Gentlemen farewell : if I live till morning, Ile visit you ; if not *Faustus* is gone to Hell.

*All.* *Faustus* farewell.

*Exeunt Schollers.*

*Meph.* I *Faustus* now thou hast no hopes of Heaven, Therefore despair, think only upon Hell, For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

*Fau.* O thou bewitching Feind I 'twas thy temptation, Hath rob'd me of eternal hapiness.

*Meph.* I do confesse it *Faustus*, and rejoyce.

'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to Heaven, Damnd up thy passage, when thou tookst the book, To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves, And led thine eye.

What weep'st thou tis too late ; despaire. Farewell.

*Exeunt*

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Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in Hell.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Good Angel, and the Bad at several doors.*

*Good.* O *Foolish*, if thou hadst given care to me,  
Innumerable joyes had followed thee  
But thou didst love the World.

*Bad.* Cane out to me,  
And now must call Hell pains perpetually.

*Good.* O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,  
Avails thee now?

*Bad.* Nothing but vex thee more,  
To waine in Hell, that had on earth such store.

*Musicke while Throue descends.*

*Good.* O thou hast lost celestiall hapinels,  
Pleasures unspeakable,  
Hadst thou affected Great *Discretion*,  
Hell or the Devil had no dower on thee:  
Hadst thou kept on that way, *Foolish* behold,  
In what resplendant glory thou hadst sit  
In yonder Throue, like those bright shining Saints;  
And triumph over Hell: thus hast thou lost,  
And now (poor *Fool*) must the good Angel leave thee:  
The jaws of Hell is ready to receive thee.

*Exit.*

*Hell is discovered.*

*Bad.* Now *Foolish* let thine eyes with horror stare  
Into this vast perditions furnace house:  
There are the *Purging* damned souls,  
On burning forks, their bodies boyle in lead  
There are live quarters broyling on the Coles  
That ne're can dye: this ever-burning Chair,  
Is for our torments souls to rest them in.  
These that are fed with fops of flaming fire,

Of Doctor Faustus

Where gluttons, the lov'd only delicacies;  
And laugh to see the poor starve at their gates:  
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see  
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

*Faust.* O I have seen enough to torture me.

*Bad.* Nay thou must feel them, call the smart of all,  
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall,  
And so I leave thee *Faustus* till anon,  
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

*The Clock strikes Eleven.*

*Faust.* O *Faustus*,  
Now hast thou but one hour to live,  
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.  
Stand still you ever moving Spheres of Heaven  
That time may cease, and midnight never come;  
Fair natures eye, rise, rise again and make  
Perpetual day, or let this hour be but a year,  
A month, a week, a natural day,  
That *Faustus* may repent and save his soul.

*O lente, lente, currite nollis ego.*  
The Stars move still, time runs, the Clock will strike,  
The Devil will come, and *Faustus* must be lost;  
O Ile leap up to Heaven,  
Yet will I call on it, O where is it now?  
Where is it now? tis gone.

Mountains and Hills come, come and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven.  
No; then will I headlong run into the earth:

Gape earth: O no, it will not swallow me;  
You Stars that reign'd at my birth, draw me up  
Whose influence hath allowed my life to be;  
Now draw up *Faustus* like a comet's tail,  
Into the entrails of your flaming fire;  
That when you vomit forth intense heat,  
My Limbs may issue from your fiery mouth;  
But let my soul mount, and stand on high.

## The Tragical History

### The Watch strikes

O half the hour is past 'twill fall be past anon.

O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,

Impose some end to my incessant pain:

Let *Faustus* live in Hell a thousand years,

A hundred thousand and at the last be sav'd;

No end is limited to damn'd souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Oh *Pythagoras*, *Metempsychosis*, were that true,

This soul should flye from me, & Ile be chang'd

Into some brutish beast:

All beasts are happy, for when they dye,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in Elements:

But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell,

Curst be the Parents that engendred me:

No *Faustus*, curse thy self, curse *Lucifer*,

That hath damn'd thee to the joys of heaven.

### The Clock strikes twelve

It strikes, it strikes, now body turn to ash,

Or *Lucifer* will bear the quick to Hell.

O soul be chang'd into small water drops,

And fall into the Ocean here be found.

### Thunder and enter the Devils.

O Mercy Heaven, look not so fierce on me;

Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while;

Ugly Hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,

Ile burn my books: Oh *Mephistophilis*

### Enter the Devils

1. Come Gentlemen, let us go visit *Faustus*,

For such a dreadful night was never seen,

Since first the worlds creation did begin.

Such fearful Shakes and cries were never heard;

of Doctor *Faustus*.

Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger.

2. O help us heavens, see here are *Faustus* limbs,  
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3. The Devil whom *Faustus* serv'd bath torn him thus:  
For twist the hours of twelve and one, me thought  
I heard him strike and call aloud for help;  
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire,  
With dreadful horror of these dam'd Blends.

2. Well Gentlemen, though *Faustus* end be such,  
As every Christian heart laments to think on:  
Yet for he was a Scholler once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in our German Schools,  
Wee'l give his mingled limbs due burial:  
And all the Students clench'd in mourning black,  
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

*Enter Chorus.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is *Appollo's* Laurel bough,  
That sometime grew within this learned man:  
*Faustus* is gone, regard his Hellish fall,  
Whose sinful form may exhort the wile  
Onely to wonder at unlawful things,  
Whose deep doth imbrace such forward vice,  
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

*Terminus hinc disce, terminus inde.*



